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EDITORIAL

STOP BLAMING THE SYSTEM

The First National Bank of Boston was one of those institutions that define New England, like town meetings, milky clam chowder and the Red Sox. It used to be said that every penny spent or earned in the region at some point tinkled in the bank's registers. Its chairmen were so haughty they reduced ordinary Brahmins to a supporting caste, and they ruled that exotic Boston power elite, called The Vault, like wizards behind a screen.

But how far and fast it has fallen. The bank overextended itself with irresponsible loans to spendthrift Third World regimes. It got mixed up in a seamy scandal with a murdered jai alai impresario, and it gave preferential treatment to accounts controlled by Boston mobster Gennaro J. Angiulo. Now it has pleaded guilty and paid a $500,000 fine for failing to report $1.22 billion in shipments to European banks, much of it in small bills, in what the Treasury Department says looks like a cash-laundering operation.

It all sounds like the plot for a Beacon Hill comedy, but something a lot more sinister is at stake. As Penny Lernoux reported in *The Nation* [see "The Miami Connection," February 18, 1984], the American banking system is dependent on drug money, mob money and funny money skimmed from the vast unreported "hidden economy." The industry's corporate captains make decisions that direct the political economy of the nation and yet remain unaccountable and inaccessible in their pin-striped anonymity. The bank's current chairman, William L. Brown, says a "systems failure" led to the recent problems with cash transfers. We've heard that excuse before: from Union Carbide on the Bhopal disaster, from the U.S. intelligence services on the downing of K.A.L. 007. But people run systems, and the failure is in their isolation from public control.

WHO WAS JULIA?
Alexander Cockburn

CASTRO CALLING
Wayne S. Smith

POST-PULLOUT LEBANON
Scott MacLeod

'TURNERGATE' AT 1199
Leon Fink

GINSBERG'S AMERICAN VISIONS
Charles Molesworth

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Arthur C. Danto

RELIGION AND THE LEFT

LESSONS OF THE PASTOR ROTH AFFAIR

SID PLOTKIN AND BILL SCHEUERMAN

Since mid-November, the Rev. Douglas Roth, pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church in Clairton, Pennsylvania, has occupied a cell in the Allegheny County Jail. He is charged with remaining in his church in defiance of a court injunction obtained by his bishop. The events leading to his arrest raise serious questions for the left about forming alliances with today's increasingly politicized churches. Roth had been fighting for unemployed steelworkers, but he drew his inspiration and his tactics from what he and other activist clergymen call the prophetic ministry, which challenges the church hierarchy. Such tactics, critics say, muddy the issues and keep Roth and ministers like him bogged down in the trench warfare of church politics.

The Protestant radicalism that Roth exemplifies grew up in the Monongahela Valley, outside Pittsburgh, in response to corporate destruction of the steel industry and its dependent communities. In the midst of plant shutdowns, large-scale disinvestment and Big Steel's move to diversify into oil, plastics, chemicals and real estate, the region's workers have become industrial castoffs. Walk into the office of United Steel Workers of America Local 1397 in Homestead and you are greeted by a rackful of pamphlets urging workers to seek help for alcoholism, drug abuse, family breakup and depression. The Pittsburgh area's "recovery" unemployment rate of 11.4 percent gives little reason to hope that things will turn around soon in Ronald Reagan's forgotten America. A Mellon Bank economist came closer to the mark when she

(*Continued on Page 210*)

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LETTERS.

SEEING DOUBLE

Fort Collins, Colo.

Not being prone to understatement myself, I am normally sympathetic to Alexander Cockburn's attitudes and opinions, but Cockburn loses me when he labels Ariel Sharon worse than Roberto d'Aubuisson ["Beat the Devil," Jan. 12]. D'Aubuisson is the acknowledged leader of a network of death squads responsible for upward of 40,000 murders, most by torture. Even if all the casualties in Lebanon as well as those in every campaign Sharon previously participated in were attributed to him, Sharon would be responsible for less than one-quarter the number of atrocities associated with d'Aubuisson.

There is no moral difference between these two barbarians, but Cockburn worsens an ideological problem with his exaggeration. Anyone who has attempted to do progressive political work within the American Jewish community can tell you that the fear of anti-Semitism, and not an inhumane indifference to suffering, lies behind the refusal to criticize publicly Israeli policy. Israel is seen to be judged by a double standard explicable only in terms of an anti-Jewish bias. For example, when the world press properly gives extensive coverage to the Israeli invasion of Lebanon but fails to pay equal attention to Syrian President Hafez al-Assad's war against his own people in Hama, a war which claimed more than twice as many lives as that in Lebanon, it seems that the Jewish state is being singled out and judged by a standard not applied to Islamic states (or Christian states for that matter). Because Israel appears to be threatened in the court of world opinion by bias as well as legitimate condemnation, the fear exists that public criticism by the Jewish community would serve only to undermine it further. Like most fears held by large numbers of people, it has some basis in reality.

Sharon is a butcher, and his claim that he speaks in the name of the Jewish people is odious. But some types of exaggerated comparison (as when Zionists are called Nazis) serve only to further insulate Sharon from effective, meaningful criticism.

Steven Shulman

COCKBURN REPLIES

New York City

I do not think Israel is the victim of a double standard. To the contrary, in the United States every conceivable exception to the norms of international, domestic and regional behavior in war and in peace is permitted Israel, in sharp contrast to the regular bouts of American liberal conscience.

On another factual matter—and only because Shulman makes a point of it—the highest estimates for the victims at Hama and the usual estimates for the victims in Lebanon in 1982 are, at about 20,000, the same.

Alexander Cockburn

'YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER'

Los Angeles

I was surprised to read in the editorial "Moral Minorities" [Jan. 26] that "civil disobedience was the defining tactic" of the movements of the 1960s but that "nonviolent protest disappeared from the national political scene in the last decade." *The Nation* should, and I think does, know better. Tens of thousands committed civil disobedience during the 1970s, and thousands were arrested (especially at Seabrook and Diablo Canyon) in a largely successful effort to stop the spread of nuclear power plants. Thousands more engaged in nonviolent direct action against nuclear weapons; again, hundreds have been arrested, especially at the Lawrence Livermore Laboratories and in the White Train and Plowshares-type demonstrations. Without for a moment denigrating the importance of the recent sanctuary or antiapartheid actions, I think *The Nation* should be careful not to fall into the mainstream media trap of saying, It's not on TV, therefore it's not happening.

Peter Goldberger

'CONSIDER THE ALTERNATIVES'

Philadelphia

I was pleased to see the report by Ann Morrissett Davidon, Elsa Dixler and Howard J. Ehrlich about grass-roots antinuclear movements ["People Who Are Changing Things," Jan. 19].

The tag on that article identifies "The Great Atlantic Radio Conspiracy" as "the largest circulating leftist radio program in the country." I hate to quibble, but readers may wish to know that SANE's weekly half-hour program "Consider the Alternatives," which focuses on nuclear disarmament and related foreign and domestic issues, is the largest syndicated program of its kind (it is carried on 125 stations with nearly 2 million listeners weekly). Our syndication includes forty commercial stations. The program reaches people who do not listen to Pacifica or National Public Radio programs.

Of course, "The Great Atlantic Radio Conspiracy" and "Consider the Alternatives" trail behind Ronald Reagan's weekly broadcasts and the 1,300 out of 9,000 U.S. radio stations that are fully owned by right-wing evangelists.

Nation readers may wish to support "Consider the Alternatives" as well as "The Great Atlantic Radio Conspiracy." A monthly program guide and newsletter listing our broadcasts and the stations on which they can be heard is available for $5 from the SANE Education Fund, "Consider the Alternatives," 5808 Greene Street, Philadelphia, PA 19144.

Robert K. Musil
SANE Education Fund

DETERRING DETERRENCE

Buffalo

Todd Gitlin's December 22 article, "Time to Move Beyond Deterrence," was long overdue. Back in the early 1960s I was involved in a major study of deterrence which was part of a project involving several dozen scholars, many of them involved in computer simulation. We attempted to do a large cross-cultural historical comparative study of military deterrence. We received major funding from the Defense Department. When our studies demonstrated that military buildups were not able to prevent outbreaks of war and, in fact, often contributed to them, our funding stopped and our project, which had been classified, remained classified. Ultimately we persuaded the Defense Department to declassify it. It was published as *Military Deterrence in History* (SUNY Press, 1974), ten years after we had finished it. It received good reviews in *Science* and a few other journals, but it was ignored by the defense establishment, by the liberal media and by our colleagues involved in deterrence projects. Although we concluded that unilateral disarmament was not effective in preventing war either, the moral of our experiences seems to indicate that if you want grants to study deterrence, you better demonstrate that it works. As long as this is the case, we will continue to have many studies arguing for military deterrence.

Vern L. Bullough
State University College at Buffalo

Vera D. Rubin
(1911-1985)

A memorial service will be held for Vera D. Rubin at 2 P.M. on Saturday, February 23, at Horace Mann Auditorium, Teachers College of Columbia University, 525 West 120th Street.

Twenty-five years before the invasion of Grenada—indeed, before any of the English-speaking islands became independent—Vera Rubin organized a symposium on the Caribbean which made many Americans aware of the cultural and political importance of the region. In an era when Americans were terrified of intellectual exchange with the Soviet Union, she insisted on establishing links, and at the time of her death, her Research Institute for the Study of Man was working with the Soviet Academy of Sciences on a joint study of aging and longevity. Her researches on marijuana dispelled many of the myths surrounding the drug even as her cultural exchange programs demystified the political process. We miss this warm and energetic scholar, activist and friend.

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EDITORIALS.

Kim's Homecoming

It is deplorable that an attempt to protect the life and political rights of Kim Dae Jung should have degenerated into a row over whether Patt Derian's hair was pulled, Robert White's arm twisted or Ed Feighan's Congressional dignity impugned. We are sure that none of the Americans who offered themselves as an escort to Kim on his homeward journey were after headlines. We know from firsthand accounts that none of them planned or hoped for a confrontation. (Nobody with even a glancing knowledge of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency would care to take on that nasty clone.) But George Shultz and his Ambassador to Seoul, Richard Walker, have chosen to lie about the incident and to try a little victim blaming. So the record needs to be straightened.

Some weeks ago the Reagan Administration announced that it was quite concerned that Kim Dae Jung's return be "trouble free." What it meant was that it hoped South Korean dictator Gen. Chun Doo Hwan's April visit to the United States would be trouble free. Nevertheless, the latter

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concern was a valuable quid pro quo for a guarantee of Kim's personal safety. American Embassy officials were to meet the party at the ramp. Cars were to be on hand to take Kim and his friends to his home. Courtesies were to be observed. And in a gracious gesture at the last minute, the South Korean authorities announced that they would not imprison their country's leading democrat.

This polite bargain with a ruthless regime had about the same credibility as a Presidential certification of progress on human rights in El Salvador. Members of the embassy staff were forcibly kept from the terminal area. The press was hustled down a moving staircase by plainclothes thugs, and the entourage of Americans was crudely set upon. Kim and his wife were dragged away by a third squad.

At this point, an ambassador is supposed to know his duty. But Richard Walker is made of different stuff. He is, after all, one of that shabby handful of American envoys who signed a letter endorsing the re-election of Jesse Helms last fall. He values the good opinion of General Chun above all else. Without making the least effort to interview Derian, his former colleague White or the Congressman, he issued a statement charging the three with provocative behavior and with "reneging" on an agreement that had been made between the State Department and the South Korean government. He did not accompany the escorts on their visit to the Foreign Ministry, thus unmistakably signaling the level of his concern. And he did not, until squeezed to the limit, protest the indignities visited on his own staff at the airport.

The State Department now says it will wait for the results of the South Korean investigation of the imbroglio before taking further action. The wait will be a protracted one, given that the South Korean government did not mount an investigation, did not take depositions from any member of the American delegation and issued an insulting statement describing them as "effeminate" and "cowardly." A spokesman for General Chun accused Kim, who is 59 and walks with a cane as a result of an assassination attempt, of attacking the phalanx of K.C.I.A. men who awaited him. Kim is detained in his home without hope of a trial. He was not allowed to vote in last week's rigged elections; all other genuine opposition leaders had been barred from participation until shortly before the vote. The U.S. Embassy has spent a lot of time in briefings saying that the general has stabilized the country. But if the election results are any indication, the people there may be slowly readying for a fight. The New Korea Democratic Party formed recently by opposition leaders received 29 percent of the vote.

The brouhaha touched off by Kim's return will have been worthwhile if it focuses continued press and Congressional attention on his predicament and makes his treatment the acid test for relations with Seoul. But certain minimal steps must be taken in the meantime. The April visit of General Chun, who seized power with American help in 1979, should be called off. This country is not obliged to welcome a man who roughs up American Congressmen. And since Walker evidently regards himself as Korean Ambassador to the United States, he should be recalled to Washington. Above all, it must be borne in mind that a client regime that treats its patron this way is capable of far worse against its own citizens. Kim Dae Jung waits, in imposed isolation, to see what his fate will be. The physical isolation can be qualified, even negated, by acts of solidarity and concern which will have to be sustained in spite of, and without, the contemptible Ambassador Walker and those who insulted the Korean people by appointing him.

Nuclear Allergy

Nowadays, a great power has more to fear from the rebellion of its subjects than from an attack by its rival. While President Reagan and his general staff cower before the Soviet military buildup and freeze at the prospect of Soviet clients in Central America, telling blows against their empire have been struck by the peaceable citizens of New Zealand and the suppressed opposition of South Korea. What makes the matter worrisome is that nothing in the Pentagon's arsenal can be targeted on those enemies within: not Star Wars, not MXs, not secret spy satellites.

New Zealanders are not alone in their conviction that the American nuclear deterrent is a sword of Damocles rather than a protective umbrella. The island's antinuclear movement has flourished in recent years, and in his election campaign, the Labor Party candidate for Prime Minister, David Lange, felt obliged to promise that he would prohibit American ships carrying nuclear weapons or using nuclear power from docking at New Zealand's ports. Lange now runs the country, and he has made good on his word.

Reagan rightly sees Lange's refusal not only as a chip off the old Anzus bloc, formed early in the Dulles era to bring New Zealand and Australia into America's cold war strategic system, but also as a precedent that will encourage other no-nuke forces in allied nations to press their cause. Belgium and the Netherlands, where peace movements are strong, are still debating whether to accept American missiles. Australia wants no part of the MX testing network. Japan, West Germany and Great Britain are always capable of nuclear rebellion. Peace forces in Israel, which is the United States' most complaisant ally, resent the strong-arm tactics Reagan used to get Israel to accept a Voice of America transmitter beamed at Moslems in the Soviet Union.

With such straws blowing in the wind, the Administration's bullying and petulant response was hardly surprising. State Department spokesmen threatened to wreck New Zealand's agricultural economy by cutting U.S. imports of lamb and wool and by dumping surplus butter on the world market (some of it now goes to America's poor). After all, what good is an imperial economy if it cannot be used as a weapon against recalcitrant clients?

In South Korea, America's extravagant military and political investment in the authoritarian regime of Gen. Chun Doo Hwan is threatened by a restive opposition which now focuses on the return of Kim Dae Jung. With less than half a heart, Administration officials have asked Chun to accommodate his critics in hopes that civic order can be main-

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tained. But Chun wants to have his American pie and eat his opponents.

The U.S. ploys of economic blackmail for New Zealand and political stonewalling for South Korea might work if there were no popular movements for peace and human rights at home and around the world. But the grass roots of citizen protest are becoming increasingly intertwined. The fight against allowing nuclear ships in New Zealand rings with the same urgent sounds as do similar struggles in New York City, Tokyo and Stockholm. Opposition to the American-backed dictator of South Korea takes strength from comparable conflicts in the Philippines, Chile and Pakistan. Short of a new policy that favors peace, promotes change and values independence, no weapon in President Reagan's hands is likely to stop the trouble in his command.

Castro Calling

Fidel Castro is back in the news, with a flurry of conciliatory gestures. Last month, when Representatives Bill Alexander, Jim Leach and Mickey Leland visited Cuba, Castro made several proposals for improving relations with the United States. He indicated that he fully supported the Contadora process and said he was prepared to cooperate actively in finding a peaceful solution in Central America, even to the point of withdrawing military advisers, observing limitations on the size of regional armies, halting cross-border support for guerrillas in the region and accepting procedures to verify compliance in each case.

A few days after his marathon talks with the Representatives, Castro repeated his desire for better relations to a delegation of U.S. Catholic bishops who were visiting Cuba. He also agreed to discuss church-state problems with Cuban bishops. Days later, Castro was at it again, this time assuring a group of senior journalists from *The Washington Post* of his willingness to talk about outstanding disputes between the two countries.

Those overtures have provoked much speculation in the press. Did the invasion of Grenada frighten Castro into adopting a more conciliatory attitude? Or was it economic distress? Or Reagan's hard-line policies toward Central America?

The answer is almost certainly none of the above. Although there is a heightened specificity and intensity to the Cuban leader's gestures, such placatory moves are not new, nor do the most recent ones indicate any fundamental shift in Cuba's position. On a number of occasions in 1981, for example, Castro signaled his readiness to cooperate in working out a political solution in Central America. In December of that year, after the Reagan Administration had said it wanted action rather than words, the Cubans suspended all military shipments to Nicaragua. The White House simply ignored that.

In March 1982, Castro told a group of visiting U.S. professors and reporters that he was prepared to join with other interested parties to forge a lasting peace in Central America. He reiterated that offer to Senator Lowell Weicker when the latter visited Cuba in March 1983. And in July of that year, Castro publicly indicated his willingness to consider withdrawing his military personnel from Nicaragua and observing an arms embargo for the entire region, provided the United States followed suit. A few days later, President Reagan said he had no intention of discussing that offer or anything else with Castro.

Why has Castro apparently been willing to accommodate U.S. concerns in Central America? Obviously he thinks it would be in Cuba's interest to do so. Cuba would benefit from an easing of tensions and from increased trade with the United States. But, basically, Castro knows perfectly well that the best either side could expect from armed confrontation in Central America would be a long and bloody stalemate. Thus, it is good politics to seek a compromise.

A negotiated solution is in the interest of the United States as well. The United States is understandably concerned about Soviet and Cuban influence in Nicaragua, about the size of Nicaragua's army and its intentions toward its neighbors and about the support Cuba and Nicaragua provide the Salvadoran guerrillas. If Cuba and Nicaragua are willing (as they say they are) to enter into verifiable agreements that address all those matters, wouldn't it be worthwhile to sit down and talk to them?

One might expect the United States to push for such a resolution. But has it? Absolutely not. The response to the latest feelers was in the traditional mold. Spokesmen in the State Department pooh-poohed the proposals brought back by Representative Alexander and his colleagues as just another of Castro's tactical maneuvers. But how do they know without testing him?

Why this blind opposition to a diplomatic process that seems so clearly in the U.S. interest? Primarily because the Administration doesn't want a compromise. It wants to get rid of the Sandinistas, not negotiate with them, so it will discourage any agreement that leaves them in power. It is not even interested in a regional convention that would halt support for guerrillas: that would mean stopping U.S. support for the *contras*, which the White House is unwilling to do. It clings to the hope that the rebels can bring down the government in Managua.

Since the *contras* have almost no chance of achieving that objective, the United States is left with two choices: it can stick to its goal of ousting the Sandinistas, which would mean eventually committing American troops; or it can seek to change objectionable Sandinista policies through diplomatic agreements. If it chooses the latter course, Cuban cooperation would be extremely useful. Cuba should be involved in any effort to reach a negotiated settlement in Central America. The Administration cannot have it both ways; it cannot in one breath say, Cuba is part of the problem, and in the next say, We refuse to discuss it with Castro.

WAYNE S. SMITH

Wayne S. Smith, professor at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies, was chief of the U.S. Interests Section in Havana from 1979 to 1982.

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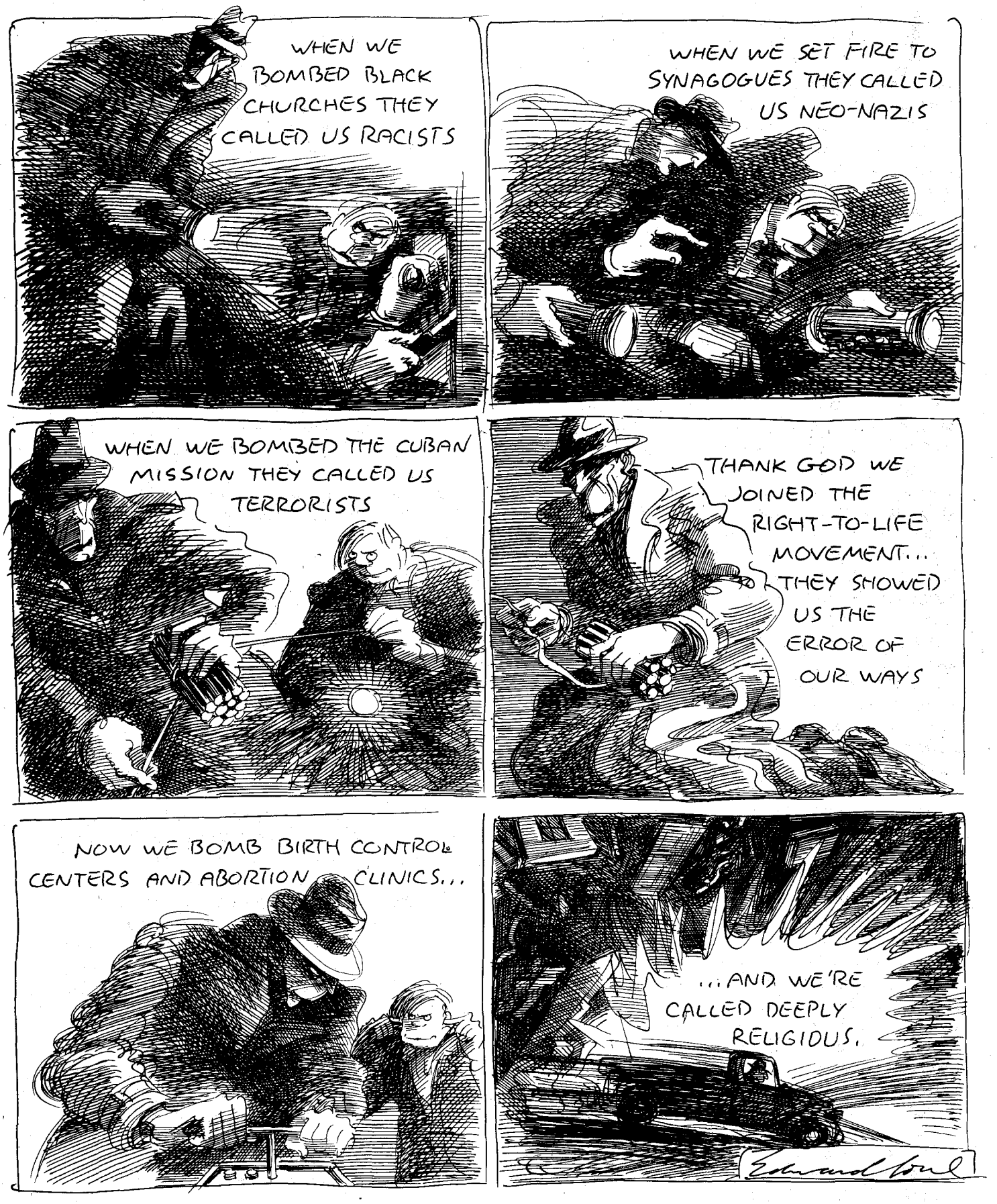
In a Good Cause

EDWARD SOREL


WHEN WE BOMBED BLACK CHURCHES THEY CALLED US RACISTS
WHEN WE SET FIRE TO SYNAGOGUES THEY CALLED US NEO-NAZIS
WHEN WE BOMBED THE CUBAN MISSION THEY CALLED US TERRORISTS
THANK GOD WE JOINED THE RIGHT-TO-LIFE MOVEMENT... THEY SHOWED US THE ERROR OF OUR WAYS
NOW WE BOMB BIRTH CONTROL CENTERS AND ABORTION CLINICS...
...AND WE'RE CALLED DEEPLY RELIGIOUS.
Edward Sorel

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SOVIETICUS.

STEPHEN F. COHEN

A fundamental question about the nature of the Soviet political system has been overlooked in media speculation about possible successors to Konstantin Chernenko, whose health is failing one year after he became General Secretary. Does it matter so much who will be the next Soviet leader?

Eventually, it may matter, but that is far from certain. As in other political systems, the personality and individual views of a Soviet leader have sometimes profoundly affected the use of power. Stalin's psychological needs, as his biographer Robert C. Tucker has shown, were a driving force behind the extraordinary policies of the Soviet 1930s, from collectivization of the peasantry to the great terror of 1936-39. And Nikita Khrushchev's self-image as a benevolent reformer played an essential role in his unexpected de-Stalinization policies from 1956 to 1964. Therefore, it is historically incorrect to say, as some Western commentators do, that "all Soviet leaders are alike."

But the Soviet Union is no longer the leader-dominated political system that many observers imagine it to be. Indeed, the steady erosion of its top executive office, General Secretary of the Communist Party, may be unique among large nations. Since Stalin's death, in 1953, each Soviet leader has had less personal power to make domestic and foreign policy than did his predecessor. The question is whether this remarkable trend reflects a kind of law of diminishing General Secretaries produced by structural changes in the Soviet system, or whether it is merely the result of a coincidental succession of aged and ailing leaders, and thus likely to be reversed by a younger, more vigorous successor.

In fact, there is no single or fixed pattern of rulership in the Soviet Union, which has had only six leaders since 1917—three of them since 1982. Each led the country in a different manner. As the founding father, Lenin's personal authority was unrivaled among his illustrious colleagues, even though he held no special post in the party and decisions were made collectively in leadership councils, where raucous disagreements over policy were often the norm.

Stalin's long rule transformed the nature of Soviet leadership in two important ways. In the 1920s, he emerged as Lenin's successor largely by using the bureaucratic powers of appointment inherent in his position as General Secretary, thereby making it the top post for future successions as well. But in the 1930s, on the basis of police terror, he became a capricious and unchallengeable tyrant over the party and the country. The other high-level officials who sat with Stalin on the Politburo and the Central Committee did so at his pleasure and often perished at his whim. They were, as Khrushchev later remarked, "temporary people."

More than any other factor, that traumatic experience shaped the nature of post-Stalin leadership. Fearing the advent of another despot, Soviet elites have imposed constraints on every subsequent leader. Despite his activist role, Khrushchev could always be challenged on matters of power and policy, as dramatized by his abrupt overthrow by the Central Committee in 1964. Alarmed by his increasingly arbitrary behavior, that assembly of elites resolved that no future General Secretary should also be head of the government bureaucracy, or Premier, as Khrushchev had been. As a result, Leonid Brezhnev was without a formal state title until he finally acquired the honorific Presidency in 1977.

Constraints on the General Secretary, even in the area of appointments, grew into a tacit system of checks and balances during Brezhnev's eighteen-year reign. A de facto sharing of power evolved among high-level party and state officials, only a few of whom actually sat on the Politburo. Brezhnev's conservative policies both reflected and nurtured the new leadership system by virtually guaranteeing lifetime tenure to such officials, by respecting the prerogatives of their fiefdoms and by not imposing significant policy changes on them.

Once power has been so diffused in a political system, it is hard to retrieve. It may be especially difficult in the Soviet system, where elites have learned to thwart reforms decreed from above and where a new General Secretary has always needed at least five years, more than an American Presidential term, just to consolidate his authority as leader. Yuri Andropov, who succeeded Brezhnev in 1982, was too old and ill to accomplish that feat, and the same is true of Chernenko.

Nor is there clear evidence that Soviet elites yearn for a strong leader, as the Western press has occasionally asserted. Such reports mistake grass-roots nostalgia for Stalin, the "strong boss," for elite opinion. They also assume that Andropov, a former K.G.B. chief, was chosen to be a "strongman." But it may well be that the Central Committee, which selects the General Secretary, knew about Andropov's kidney disease and thus had no illusions about his prospects. Above all, there is the telling fact that the Soviet elite has tolerated and chosen aged, enfeebled leaders ever since Brezhnev became seriously infirm in the 1970s.

A revitalization of the top leadership position is still possible in the Soviet Union, particularly if it is linked to growing sentiments favoring economic reform. The decision-making process remains highly centralized and the power of the party Secretariat, however diminished, still exceeds that of any other institution. And as Andropov's so-called anticorruption campaign showed, a General Secretary can devise ways to extend his authority to the bureaucratic territory of recalcitrant officials. Moreover, the two logical candidates to succeed Chernenko, Mikhail Gorbachev and Grigory Romanov, are relatively young and, it seems, healthy men. With luck, either would have time to try.

But unless a strong elite sentiment and political coalition for reform stands behind the next General Secretary, he will end up, as did his recent predecessors, being a mediator of conflicting interests rather than a maker of policy. He will reign rather than rule. In that fundamental respect, who will occupy the office of General Secretary is now less important than what puts him there.

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Who Was Julia?

I think I have always known about my memory: I know when it is to be trusted and when some dream or fantasy entered on the life, and the dream, the need of dream, led to distortion of what happened. And so I knew early that the rampage angers of an only child were distorted nightmares of reality. But I trust absolutely what I remember about Julia. —*Lillian Hellman,* Pentimento

On February 6, only a few months after the woman who denied having borrowed her life, Muriel Gardiner died at the age of 83 in Princeton, New Jersey. On reading her obituary in *The New York Times* I was once again struck by the oddity of the whole Julia saga and the behavior of Lillian Hellman. How to explain it? I think the life of yet another exceptional woman who died last year may help us through the labyrinth.

But first, Muriel Gardiner. She was heiress to an immense fortune. One of her grandfathers founded the Union Stockyards in Chicago, and the other started the meatpacking firm of Swift and Company. She attended Wellesley College, studied literature at Oxford University and then went to Vienna and tried to enter analysis with Freud. Although she failed in this plan, she did stay in Vienna to study medicine and psychoanalysis. She married Joseph Buttinger, leader of the Austrian Revolutionary Socialists. As the Nazi tide swelled, she joined the antifascist underground and, with money, false documents and a safe house, helped organize the escape of hundreds of fugitives from Nazism. She was a founder of the International Rescue Committee.

She came back to the United States in 1939. After the war she was a practicing psychoanalyst and assembled the marvelous "Wolfman" papers. She helped establish the Freud Museum in London, in the house to which the Freuds moved from Vienna in 1938. The museum will open next year. One of her legacies is *Children's Express*, which she helped found and fund, and another is *Dissent*, for which she and her husband put up half the starting capital, in 1953, and whose deficits she helped pay off for many years.

Lillian Hellman published *Pentimento*, subtitled *A Book of Portraits*, in 1973, and in one of its stories, "Julia," she describes the eponymous heroine, her friend in childhood and adolescence. She was an heiress who had studied at Oxford before going to Vienna, there becoming a "patient-pupil of Freud"; becoming also a socialist, "sharing her great fortune with anyone who needed it" and getting involved in underground rescue work for fugitives from Nazism.

In 1983 Gardiner published her memoir, *Code Name "Mary."* Her publishers drew attention to the similarities between Hellman's Julia and her own life, most particularly her underground work in Vienna. Gardiner wrote that friends had pointed out these similarities but that she had never met Hellman, though they had shared the same lawyer. Hellman, in turn, asserted that Gardiner was "certainly not the model" for her Julia.

A week after Gardiner's death, a friend of Hellman's told me a story was going around to the effect that just before she died, Muriel Gardiner had confided to William Abrahams, Hellman's official biographer, that she did not, after all, feel she had been the basis for Julia and that her publisher, Yale University Press, had stressed the similarities to draw attention to *Code Name "Mary."* In the two days before I was able to contact Abrahams, I talked to a number of people who knew both Hellman and Gardiner, and after I sat down and reread "Julia," I felt there was a way of looking at the affair that people had so far missed.

The Stolen Lives

Those who are sure in their own minds that Gardiner was the model for Julia and that Hellman, as some of them put it, "stole her life" say flatly that Julia simply could not have been anyone else and that as a historical account, "Julia" fails to hang together. Amid the furor at the time of the publication of *Code Name "Mary,"* Herbert Steiner, head of the Documentation Archive of the Austrian Resistance, said he had looked up the records of the University of Vienna and found Gardiner to be "the only American woman who studied medicine and psychology at the time." He added that friends in the Resistance all certified that events in "Julia" could "have been experienced only by Muriel Gardiner."

But if they never met, how did Hellman know of Gardiner's exploits? They were pretty well known in many circles in New York City, and, furthermore, when she came back to the United States in the fall of 1939, Gardiner shared some property in New Jersey with Wolf Schwabacher. Schwabacher, now dead, was a theatrical lawyer who knew Hellman well, and it was Gardiner's supposition that he had been the bearer of her tale.

William Wright, who is well along in his unofficial life of Hellman—there is yet a third being written by Hilary Mills—says he talked to Gardiner a few months ago: far from feeling that she had been the pawn of publicity-hungry publishers, she told Wright she thought she had let Hellman off too easy. She'd written a letter to Hellman after the publication of *Pentimento*, saying that a lot of friends had told her that she was Julia and asking if it was a composite portrait. Hellman had never replied.

I talked to Hellman's lawyer, Ephraim London, who said that she had once told him who Julia was (not Gardiner) but "I took good care to forget the name." Then I took another look at "Julia." It's a very odd piece of work. The material about smuggling the money to Berlin is labored. Much the strongest part is the evocation of Hellman's adolescent relationship with Julia and of Julia's emotional and physical allure:

> I cannot say now that I knew or had ever used the word gentle or delicate or strong, but I did think that night that it was the most beautiful face I had ever seen. . . . I have had plenty of time to think of the love that I had for her, too strong and

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too complicated to be defined as only the sexual yearnings of one girl for another. And yet certainly that was there.

Women in Love

It was the association of Freud and an attraction between women that reminded me of Bryher and H.D.

In 1927 a woman of enormous wealth flew across the Alps to Vienna to visit Freud, who was excited to hear that she had come to him on an airplane and who accepted with pleasure her gift of a book by Norman Douglas. In the early 1930s she successfully recommended her lover to enter analysis with Freud. In the late 1930s she helped rescue fugitives from Nazism and visited Vienna to that end.

The heiress was an Englishwoman, Winifred Ellerman. She was the daughter of the shipping tycoon Sir John Ellerman, and she later took the name "Bryher," from an island in the Scillys, to escape the association of her family name. In 1918, at the age of 24, she met H.D., the imagist poet Hilda Doolittle, who was then 32. At that time H.D., an American who had gone to Bryn Mawr College and, in 1911, followed Ezra Pound to London, was living in Cornwall. She was looking after her daughter, fathered by Richard Aldington, and getting very near the end of her tether. Bryher took up H.D. and they became lovers. H.D. was known around the Ellerman family house in London as "that woman." Between 1927 and 1933 H.D. helped Bryher edit the film magazine *Close Up*, and in 1933, on Bryher's prompting, began to see Freud. H.D.'s extraordinary evocation of her analysis, *Tribute to Freud*, was published in 1956.

Bryher published two volumes of autobiography. The first, *A Heart to Artemis*, published in 1962, had a passage describing her work in helping refugees from Nazism:

> I was the receiving station in Switzerland. It was considered too dangerous for me to enter Germany but I went several times to Vienna and Prague to interview applicants and bring out documents they needed for their visas. . . . I used to smuggle them out in copies of the *Times*. This newspaper was considered so pro-Nazi at the time that its readers were usually unmolested at the frontier.

(One of the people Bryher helped was Walter Benjamin, who later committed suicide on the Spanish frontier, fearing he was about to be captured.)

I'm not suggesting something so straightforward as that Bryher was Julia and that Gardiner was not, or even that Hellman knew Bryher personally, any more than she knew Gardiner. It seems to me that much of *Pentimento* is fantasy, in the respectable creative sense of an imaginative working of biographical material. "Julia" is an amalgam of both sexual and heroic fantasies in which Hellman assumes the role of H.D. (her beautiful polar opposite) and renders Gardiner/Bryher as Julia but appropriates some of Julia's heroism for herself. The Julia figure crops up in *An Unfinished Woman* under another name, this time killed in the Vienna riots of 1934, which were described in a long poem by Stephen Spender, quondam lover of Muriel Gardiner.

Death Did Them Part

One of the stranger aspects of Hellman's account of Julia is the savage way the author physically destroys her subject. First, Julia's leg is amputated (neither Gardiner nor Bryher suffered this), and then Hellman describes the body, hacked by Nazi knives, and the slashed and battered face which, in the mortuary, Hellman declines to kiss. This works neither as biography nor as art, and seems to me explicable only as the abrupt rejection and destruction of a fantasy. In the story, Hellman furiously slaps the face of a man who suggests that she and Julia had had a sexual relationship. It is, by the way, worth remembering that *The Children's Hour*, Hellman's first, very successful play, was all about lying and lesbianism. In January 1940 Hellman began seven years of Freudian analysis with Gregory Zilborg and retained, with intermittent consultations, a deep interest in Freud and psychoanalysis to the end of her life.

There's one more aspect to the *Pentimento* fantasy. Julia tells Hellman she's had a child ("'Freud told me not to' . . . . the baby seemed to like being called Lilly"), and the story ends with a relative of Julia telling Hellman that he had never heard of such a child. In interviews with Hellman on PBS in 1981, Marilyn Berger pressed Hellman about the fate of this child. Hellman said she had followed the trail to a village in Alsace, only to find that the child had been murdered by the Nazis. Amid tears, she told Berger she was glad, in a way, to have learned that the child had died, since this knowledge diminished her sense of guilt about not having tried to find the child earlier. Hellman herself was childless. Incidentally, H.D.'s daughter, Perdita, was adopted by Bryher and now lives in New York City. Like Hellman, Bryher died last year.

I finally got hold of William Abrahams, the official biographer. It turned out that the story about his meeting with Gardiner was nonsense. He'd never known her—though he once met Stephen Spender in her New York apartment. He didn't want to talk about *Pentimento* "because I was Lillian's editor at the time and I want to preserve my own material zealously until I publish in four or five years. I know a great many things are true. I'm firmly convinced she took money to Berlin and was very brave. Why is she put on the witness stand? The zeal on the part of her detractors is interesting." Finally I asked Abrahams if he knew who Julia was, and after a long pause, he said, "I can't tell you."

I think Hellman told us, in her definition of the word "pentimento." It is a "repenting" by the artist, she wrote, a change of mind: "Perhaps it would be as well to say that the old conception, replaced by a later choice, is a way of seeing and then seeing again. That is all I mean about the people in this book. The paint has aged now and I wanted to see what was there for me once, what is there for me now."

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UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.

CALVIN TRILLIN

It was inevitable that the Senate confirmation hearings on the nomination of Edwin Meese 3d for Attorney General would focus attention on my career as a maker of mottoes. I am widely known in the field, after all, for once having furnished a candidate for mayor of Buffalo the campaign slogan "Never Been Indicted." As soon as careful analysis of the Meese hearings showed that "Never Been Indicted," a slogan I had composed fifteen or twenty years ago for a municipal election, could be used to express the qualifications of a nominee to the Cabinet, it was natural for people to poke around in my *oeuvre* to see if they could find other examples of the perspicacious pithiness so prized in the motto maker's trade. (As it happens, the motto of the American Association of Motto Makers is "Perspicacious Pithiness Prized.")

They found plenty, of course. When I was barely 20, I created a motto for my college class that is still being used today: "Nothing Happened Sophomore Year." The motto I composed for our family, "Zip Up Your Jacket," has apparently been adopted by a number of American families, with great success and an accompanying reduction in winter colds. Not long after I wrote "Zip Up Your Jacket," at a time when some neoconservative intellectuals seemed to have taken on the task of explaining why some regimes that torture their citizens are totalitarian but others are worthy of American support because they are only authoritarian, I suggested what I thought was an excellent motto for their international consultancy business: "You Pull Out the Hairs, We'll Split Them."

All of which is why I thought the attention brought by the Meese hearings might be a good opportunity to set up shop professionally. "Strike while the iron is hot!" I said to my wife—quoting, as it happens, a motto I made up for the International Brotherhood of Pants Pressers during some labor strife in the garment trade.

She didn't say anything, although she seemed to be looking at me with the same expression she had worn when I asked her if she thought it was too late for me to switch careers and try my luck as a cabaret singer.

Her lack of enthusiasm might have come from memories of a fallow period I went through as a motto maker. I was still knocking out a motto for a friend occasionally—a doctor of our acquaintance became widely known as "Ophthalmologist to the Stars"—and I hadn't abandoned my critical faculties. (In a rare involvement with the corporate end of the field, I wrote *Forbes* to say that its motto, "Capitalist Tool," sounded like something a Russian premier might shout at an American President over the hot line in a moment of complete exasperation—as in "You've wiped out Rumania by mistake, you capitalist tool!") Still, my production had been curtailed, partly by the knowledge that my mottoes were not always winning acceptance. I knew that some of my colleagues were saying that my work was flawed by a certain negativism, although I might just point out that you can't get much more positive than "Zip Up Your Jacket." It got so that I wasn't doing much beyond sending proposals for fresh mottoes to some American cities, just to keep my hand in. What hurt most was that the folks in Minneapolis ("Home of the Late April Slush") and Akron ("Better Than Youngstown") did not even trouble to respond.

The lesson of Edwin Meese's appointment, it seemed to me, was that I had been aiming too low in those days. I should have been composing at the state level at the very least. If I had any doubt about the need of many states for a professional hand at motto making, it evaporated when, shortly after the Meese hearings, I saw a new license plate from Pennsylvania. Where the motto "Keystone State" had formerly been, the license plate read "You Have a Friend in Pennsylvania." Is that what the folks in Pennsylvania think of as perspicacious pithiness? The old "Keystone State" motto was to my mind a very professional piece of work. It conjured up a monument in downtown Philadelphia made of pure keystone, and the great forges of Pittsburgh turning out one keystone after another, and in the Amish farmland, lovely fields of keystones rippling in the breeze. Then I realized that many states had no motto at all, not even some lame foot-shuffler like "Oklahoma is OK." I started sketching out a new business card.

"There's an opening here for the right person," I said to my wife.

"Particularly if his voice doesn't crack on the high notes," she said, with a sarcasm I thought completely out of place in a discussion of career choices.

I had already worked out a motto for the Nebraska license plate: "A Long Way Across." Arkansas presented a problem. My first effort—"Not As Bad As You Might Imagine"—seemed a bit verbose, but I was certain I could edit it down to something pithy. I already had an admirably pithy one for Florida: "Condo Heaven." I could see myself becoming the man all states consulted—the man sometimes referred to in the press as "the fifty-first governor." After a while, national administrations would come to call. The Reagan people, conscious that neither "The New Federalism" nor "A New Beginning" had caught on, might ask me to come up with some new New. It occurred to me that I should prepare a memorandum on the motto implications of Reagan's State of the Union Message. I would counsel against "A Second American Revolution": any reminder of the first American Revolution could drive some rich opponents of Reagan's flat-tax plan to toss their machine tools into Los Angeles harbor while chanting "No Taxation Without Depreciation." I'd suggest something short and snappy for the second-term motto—maybe, "Voodoo II."

"What qualifications do you have to advise the President?" my wife asked, when I told her of my expectations.

I held up my new business card. Under my name it said, "Never Been Indicted."

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ARTICLES.

LEBANON AFTER THE ISRAELIS

No Peace for Galilee Now

SCOTT MACLEOD

On January 14, the government of Israel announced that it would withdraw its forces from Lebanon. By a vote of 16 to 6, the Cabinet sounded the death knell for Gen. Ariel Sharon's dream of creating a pro-Israel state dominated by Lebanon's Christian minority. Aside from the expulsion of the Palestine Liberation Organization fighters from their bases in the south and from their headquarters in West Beirut, Israel won no lasting political or military advantages from its 1982 invasion. Far from unifying Lebanon, the war left it more fractious than before, its future as an independent nation in doubt. And in the Bekaa Valley 40,000 soldiers of Israel's archrival, Syria, are firmly entrenched.

The defeat of Sharon's grand design was assured by the Israeli Defense Force's failure to defeat the Syrians. Although badly bloodied in the initial fighting, the Syrian troops held on and were used by President Hafez al-Assad to ignite Moslem opposition to the Israeli presence and to prevent the Christian government of President Bashir Gemayel and then of his brother, Amin, from achieving dominance.

The occupation also served to stir up Lebanon's largest confessional group, the Shiites, who began demanding a fair share of power and wealth. Although they make up almost one-third of Lebanon's population of 3.5 million, most Shiites live in poverty in urban ghettos and in the undeveloped countryside. Their rise as a political force was hastened by the I.D.F.'s occupation of southern Lebanon, where Shiites make up 60 percent of the populace, and particularly by the escalation of repressive measures by the I.D.F. after the Lebanese government abrogated its May 17, 1983, agreement with Jerusalem. That pact had called for mutual withdrawal of Syrian and Israeli troops.

The Shiites are divided into two factions: the moderates, represented by Amal, a political and paramilitary organization led by Nabih Berri, Justice Minister for southern Lebanon, and the radicals of the Party of God, a pro-Iranian group founded by fundamentalist Moslem clergy. The Party of God has claimed responsibility for numerous suicide bombings, including those at the U.S. Embassy in Beirut in April 1983, which killed sixty-three people, and at the U.S. base at Beirut Airport six months later, in which 241 marines died. It is behind many of the guerrilla attacks on the Israeli occupation forces, and its actions helped convince Israeli Prime Minister Shimon Peres that the time had come to withdraw unilaterally.

As popular sentiment for withdrawal mounted, the Peres government began looking for a way to pull out of the Lebanese quagmire without leaving Israel's northern border unprotected. It created a security belt north of the border to be patrolled by the South Lebanon Army, a 2,000-man Christian militia trained and equipped by Israel. Israeli officials believed that the S.L.A. could protect the settlements in the Galilee region, but the army has not developed into an effective fighting force.

Nevertheless, the Israeli pullout will proceed. It is expected to take six to nine months, and the I.D.F. will leave behind a nation that has suffered greatly at its hands. An estimated 17,825 Lebanese and Palestinians were killed and 30,103 wounded during the siege of West Beirut, which ended when P.L.O. forces under Yasir Arafat departed in August 1982. As many as 800 Palestinians were massacred in the Sabra and Shatila refugee camps by pro-Israeli Phalangists. An unknown number of Lebanese and Palestinians were killed or injured during the I.D.F.'s thirty-one-month occupation of southern Lebanon. The Israeli force's evacuation of the Shuf Mountains in September 1983 sparked a three-week mountain war between Druse Moslems and Christians; scores of civilians were massacred on each side.

Lebanon's internal political situation is more volatile than ever. The mutually suspicious confessional groups, which require delicate handling and reassurance in the best of times, have been polarized by Israel's strong-arm policies.

DRAWINGS BY FRANCES JETTER

Scott MacLeod is a writer specializing in Middle East affairs. His work has appeared recently in the New Statesman, The Nation, The New York Review of Books, Middle East International *and other publications. He lived in Beirut in 1983 and 1984.*

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Militant Christians, emboldened by Israeli backing, boasted of a new era of rule under Amin Gemayel. Despite Gemayel's efforts to tone down his followers' rhetoric, the Moslem majority reacted with fear and anger. The occupation forces sowed the seeds of unrest in the villages by rewarding those who cooperated with them, Moslems as well as Christians, with jobs as policemen, informants or importers of Israeli products. Outbreaks of violence against the "collaborators" and their families are likely to escalate after the I.D.F. withdrawal is completed.

Already the area around the port of Sidon, the majority of whose 100,000 people are Sunni Moslems, has become a flashpoint. On January 21, a week after the Cabinet decided to withdraw the I.D.F., terrorists attempted to assassinate Mustapha Saad, the leader of Sidon's Sunnis, by blowing up the apartment house in which he lived. (The murder of Saad's father, Marouf, had helped ignite the 1976 civil war.) Still, the most dangerous situation remains in the deep south, below the Zahrani River, where fighting might soon break out between the Israeli-backed S.L.A. and the Shiite guerrillas.

Israel has armed the S.L.A. with tanks, armored personnel carriers, 155-millimeter howitzers and hundreds of AK-47 rifles. The Shiites lack arms, but that situation may change once their supply route to Beirut is reopened. Even so, attacks on I.D.F. and S.L.A. soldiers by Shiite guerrillas operating out of what the Israelis call the Iron Triangle on the coastal plain have increased significantly, to a rate of seventy per month. Shiite guerrillas ambushed an S.L.A. patrol last September, killing four militiamen. The next morning S.L.A. fighters bent on revenge went on a rampage in the village of Sukmur, gunning down thirteen civilians.

To avoid worse outbreaks in the coming months, the Lebanese Army, assisted by U.N. troops, must fill the power vacuum created by the Israeli departure. Unfortunately, attempts at establishing an effective central government and army have been steadily undermined by the lengthy Israeli and Syrian presence. The recent collapse of the usually resilient Lebanese pound, which dropped against the dollar from an exchange rate of six to twelve, reflects fear among the banking and business communities. Unchecked violence in southern Lebanon is likely to trigger a political and security crisis in Beirut, the most dire outcome of which could be the ousting of the moderate Shiite leadership by the radical Party of God.

Israel would have been far better off if it had withdrawn its forces after achieving its goal of destroying the P.L.O.'s bases in southern Lebanon. The government in Beirut has never posed a military threat to Israel and has abided by the armistice the two nations signed March 23, 1949.

Following the 1982 invasion, Washington called on Israel to withdraw to the international border and President Reagan dispatched a team of Green Berets to train the Lebanese Army. Later the Administration offered to protect Israel's northern border, but Jerusalem rejected the idea. Secretary of State George Shultz told Congress that the Syrians had pledged to recall their forces if the Israelis left unconditionally, but then the U.S. Embassy was bombed and the Administration panicked. Shultz hurried to the Middle East and pressured Lebanon and Israel to sign the ill-fated May 17 agreement. (In a secret letter attached to the agreement, the United States endorsed Israel's demand that Syrian forces leave Lebanon first.)

Midway through 1983 many in Lebanon felt there was a chance to heal the country's internal divisions and build an effective central government based on confessional consensus and shored up by the multinational force in Beirut and an expanded U.N. force in southern Lebanon. The situation appeared so calm that marines on patrol did not keep ammunition in their rifles. But Syrian-backed resistance to the Gemayel government escalated. Later in the year the marines were drawn into combat. I covered the bombing of their headquarters on that black Sunday in October.

For the Israeli Defense Force the war was a costly one. More than 600 soldiers were killed and 3,500 wounded, far more than the number of casualties caused by P.L.O. attacks on kibbutzim in northern Israel, which provoked Operation Peace for Galilee. Financially the war was a disaster, costing $3.5 billion and plunging the Israeli economy into a severe crisis.

Although the P.L.O. infrastructure in Lebanon was destroyed, radical P.L.O. organizations are already returning to West Beirut and may eventually go to Sidon. A few years from now, P.L.O. rockets and artillery may be back in Beirut and in the south. In the meantime, Israel faces a new enemy in the Shiites. Far from posing a threat, they had clashed with the P.L.O. in the past, but the occupation has embittered them against Israel.

Israel's involvement in Lebanon has always been a chess game with Syria. Now Syria is winning. Although its air and ground forces were decimated by the I.D.F.'s initial advance into the Bekaa Valley three years ago, Syria has rebuilt them with increased Soviet aid. Two Soviet-supplied SA-5 antiaircraft missile batteries have been installed in Syria, one near Damascus and the other at Homs. Manned by as many as 7,000 Soviet technicians, they can shoot down jets as far away as Tel Aviv.

In October, Prime Minister Peres said that the I.D.F. would not be pulled out unilaterally, and he demanded guarantees from the Lebanese to provide security along its southern border. He also sought through a U.S. mediator to

FOOTNOTE ON AN HISTORIC CASE: IN RE ALGER HISS

This just-published booklet by author William A. Reuben identifies 114 factual errors in the Federal District Court of New York's 1982 decision upholding Hiss's conviction for perjury in 1950. This flawed decision, upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1983, stands as the last legal word on one of the most celebrated cases in modern history. 1 copy $5, 10 copies $40, 50 copies $150, 100 copies $250. Make checks payable to The Nation Institute and send to "Hiss," The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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gain at least a gentlemen's agreement with Damascus for the withdrawal of its forces. But Syrian Vice President Abdel Halim Khaddam, who has been involved with Syrian policy toward Lebanon since the 1976 civil war, said, "We are not prepared, directly or indirectly, with or without intermediaries, to give commitments or conditions to Israel or any other party. This is final." And it was. □

UP FROM THE ASHES—III

Where's the Money Coming From?

DAVID M. GORDON

Now is born that strange joy which helps one live and die, and which we shall never again postpone to a later time. . . . At this moment, when each of us must fit an arrow to his bow and enter the lists anew . . . it is time to forsake our age and its adolescent furies. —*Albert Camus,* The Rebel

We are full of commitment, energy and hope. But many in leftist movements and organizations are overcome by self-pity when contemplating the rich kids on the block, the organizers and activists of the New Right. They appear to have a clear strategy, bundles of cash and mailing lists with millions of names. The left has none of the above.

Money. What Norman Podhoretz called the dirty little secret of literature; the mother's milk of politics. Like sex among adolescents in a Catholic boarding school, it is something no one talks about publicly but everyone thinks about constantly. Penury is not the only problem facing the left in America; an abundance of money would not sweep us into the White House. Nevertheless, funding is one of our most critical dilemmas.

The left suffers from a chronic malady. Let's call it the Loose Shoelace Syndrome (LSS). We live on a shoestring—and frequently trip on it. We spend so much time fixing and tying our shoelaces that we lose sight of more important goals.

Can we overcome LSS? The final installment of this series explores causes and possible cures.

Symptoms of the Disease

Most of us know the symptoms of LSS too well.

Poverty. Progressive activists and organizations are often afraid to tackle a big project because they assume they can't get enough money. We live in a perpetual state of financial

David M. Gordon teaches economics at the New School for Social Research and directs the Center for Democratic Alternatives in New York City. He is co-author, with Samuel Bowles and Thomas E. Weisskopf, of Beyond the Waste Land: A Democratic Alternative to Economic Decline *(Anchor Press/Doubleday).*

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insecurity, anxiously monitoring cash flow and stalling our creditors. We devote monstrous portions of our time and energies to fund-raising, inevitably tailoring our priorities to what we imagine are funders' preferences. And we compete among ourselves for crumbs from an exiguous philanthropic pie.

Disorganization. We often feel isolated in our work, winning small battles but fearing that they won't create political momentum. We usually work on single issues or with single constituencies, rarely grasping the whole or feeling the force of a broader movement. Our political organizations sometimes co-sponsor direct actions or specific projects but rarely plan or discuss strategy. Lacking a sense of participation in a larger coalition, many of us spend too much time indulging in internal rivalries, massaging our egos and covering our behinds.

Almost everyone I know on the left is frustrated and angry about poverty and disorganization. But we treat those problems as if they were an unspeakable disease. We are reluctant to speak openly about the crisis in progressive funding, for example, because we are afraid of offending some potential benefactor. And many of us hesitate to discuss political initiatives and to coordinate our efforts, not wanting to criticize the few organizations we have.

We cannot afford to be so discreet. We must expose the causes of LSS so that we can begin to find its cure.

Causes of the Disease

Most of us recognize that the right has much more money than we do, especially because of the generous infusion of corporate money, beginning in the mid-1970s. A few simple comparisons highlight the enormity of the gap.

Three conservative foundations play a particularly aggressive role in promoting right-wing causes: the John M. Olin Foundation, the Sarah Scaife Foundation and the J. Howard Pew Freedom Trust. In 1983 these three foundations controlled $461 million in total assets and spent $25.9 million in grants and contributions. In 1981-82, nine of the most steadfast progressive foundations controlled an average of only $10 million in assets and disbursed an average of slightly less than $1 million in grants per year. Comparing the three conservative institutions with the nine progressive ones in 1981-82, the right-wing foundations had on average roughly twelve times the assets of those on the left and made, on average, more than eight times the expenditures. (Research on conservative organizations can be obtained from the Interchange Resource Center in Washington.)

Disadvantaged, yes. Penniless, no. There is a vast and growing reservoir of liberal and progressive philanthropic money. The National Network of Grantmakers, established to share information among funders interested in social change, now has 330 members, ten times as many as when it started five years ago. A recent compendium of 117 progressive funders indicates that nearly $50 million was contributed in 1982 to a broad range of leftist causes. The latest edition of *Grantseekers Guide* lists 179 foundations and corporations with a "history of supporting social change," an increase of more than 60 percent in its listings over the past four years.

The resources are out there; the problem is how best to marshal what is available. Among progressives I've talked with, almost all fund-raisers and some funders share a criticism of funders' practices.

Most donors prefer to provide short-term seed money for at most two or three years, eschewing long-term projects. That forces organizations to scramble from one foundation to another. Also, backers of progressive causes tend to be fickle. One year economic justice is in vogue; the next it's environmentalism, then it's disarmament, then voter registration and so it goes. Still another complaint is that funders are more interested in underwriting demonstrations, lobbying or other direct-action projects than in helping sustain institutions year after year. That preference has led to substantial organizational discontinuity on the left. Most progressive foundations are too small to make a major difference by themselves, yet they hesitate to form consortiums to promote major initiatives. (Recent support for voter registration represented a significant departure from this pattern.) And many funders enjoy the control that their wealth provides; this, I think, leads them (however subconsciously) to prefer arrangements that foster applicant insecurity.

Many frustrated activists simply rail against funders, but that is a mistake. Our problems, with funders and with disorganization, must often be laid at our own doorstep.

Progressives tend to focus on the short term and fail to plan for the long haul. We have not generated a set of priorities to guide progressive philanthropists. Because many of us depend on foundation money for our salaries, we are often secretive about funding sources and information. It is relatively rare, in my experience, that progressive activists and organizations propose joint projects with

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shared resources and funding. Many of us are still committed to single-issue organizing, which often leads to an artificially intense struggle for issue supremacy. And our egos are too tender.

These sources of friction between funders and activists are mutually reinforcing. When activists compete for capriciously bestowed funds, it's harder for them to cooperate. If activists are unable to project long-term priorities, it's hard for funders to develop consistent funding patterns. And organizations spend so much time raising money that they have too little time for planning strategies.

Overcoming LSS

Overcoming our poverty and disorganization won't be easy. Some of the problems are rooted in American society—for starters, the inequalities that allow a few individuals and foundations to amass inordinate sums of money. But several practical steps can be taken.

Some progressive funders are making constructive efforts to address the money problem from their side. Some younger ones have set up community foundations in which priorities are set and decisions made by boards composed of representatives from the communities they serve. (The assets of these foundations tend to be very small.) A number of other funders have met periodically to coordinate specific efforts, such as peace and disarmament mobilization, campaigns for economic justice and voter registration. The most recent annual meeting of the National Network of Grantmakers featured workshops on problems of collaboration and strategy. Individuals within the funding community, notably David Hunter, executive director of the Stern Fund, have been arguing forcefully for such coordination and for placing greater emphasis on long-term projects.

Those developments are certainly welcome. But most funders are not likely to relinquish much of their control over how their money is spent. In any case, funders should not be the ones who determine priorities for the left. Instead, we who belong to progressive organizations must assume much more responsibility for solving the left's problems of money and coordination.

We certainly need to provide more unified guidance to the funding community. Two concrete steps should be taken. First, we should draw up a common political agenda to clarify our political priorities for funders [see Gordon, "Getting Our Act Together," *The Nation*, February 9].

Second, and of equal importance, we should try to form boards comprising representatives of the various constituencies of a potential progressive coalition. These bodies would meet specifically to discuss funding priorities. Periodically, they could report on their needs and strategic imperatives to funders and progressive organizations. They would strive to address funders with a continuing activist voice. The clearer the voice, the more influence we can have on the allocation of resources.

Progressive organizations also need to become more self-sustaining. Labor unions play a decisive role in the progressive community in part because their dues-paying members provide a revenue base. Several statewide citizen-action

Up from the Ashes?

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

The three-part Nation series "Up from the Ashes" (January 26, February 9 and this issue) has discussed options for progressives over the next four years.

Can we move ahead? We would like to begin testing progressives' interest in shaping a political agenda with this questionnaire.

—David M. Gordon
Center for Democratic Alternatives

☐ **YES, I want to help shape a progressive agenda!**

With what movement/constituency do you work actively or identify? If more than one, rank them by number with 1 the highest priority.

____Labor Movement	____Senior Citizens
____Women's Movement	____Small Farmers
____Minority Movements	____Gays and Lesbians
____Citizen Action	____Consumer Movement
____Environmentalists	____Liberal Middle Class
____Church Activists	____Poor/Unemployed
____Peace Movement	____Other_____

Suppose there were a regular newsletter analyzing issues critical for a common progressive agenda. Would you like to receive it and respond to its issue questionnaires?

☐ YES, I would like to receive the newsletter and survey reports.

☐ YES, I want to respond to survey questionnaires on issue choices.

Name _____

Address _____

City_____ State_____ Zip _____

Occupation _____

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organizations, such as Massachusetts Fair Share and Illinois Public Action Council, receive substantial contributions on a regular basis from their canvassing operations among neighborhood supporters. Some nonprofit research and educational organizations have also gained sizable support from their members. For example, Food First (the Institute for Food and Development Policy) in San Francisco has nearly 20,000 member-subscribers; in fiscal 1984 it received $385,000 from member contributions, more than half its total revenue.

Could we achieve a broadened financial base for the progressive movement as a whole? I can imagine a version of Common Cause, a membership organization that would finance lobbying and educational outreach on a wide range of issues. At its peak Common Cause was supported by roughly 328,000 subscribers. Surely a substantial number of people would support a Progressive Cause.

Neither funding boards nor a Progressive Cause would supplant existing institutions. Instead, they would inform the funding community of the needs and interests of leftist organizations and pool money and data for common projects.

Some people think we are incapable of collaboration. We have time to prove them wrong. The left-wing politics born in the mid-1960s is still in its teens. We are aware of the world and our problems. We are skilled at carping and complaining. But we have not yet taken full responsibility for our destiny. We have not yet forsaken the adolescent furies. □

'WERE THE ROSENBERGS FRAMED?'

This historic debate, which was sponsored by The Nation and The New Republic at New York City's Town Hall last October 20th, has been described as "a political-literary brawl" (Los Angeles Times), at which "a cheering, jeering crowd of 1,500 followed every jab in a fight over history" (The Washington Post).

The main participants in the debate were: Walter Schneir and Miriam Schneir, authors, Invitation to an Inquest; Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton, authors, and Sol Stern, research assistant, The Rosenberg File: A Search for the Truth; and Elizabeth Holtzman, moderator. There were also questions and comments from Michael Meeropol, Morton Sobell, Marshall Perlin, James Weinstein, Victor Navasky and others.

A complete record of this extraordinary event can now be purchased in transcript or cassette. Transcripts are available for $24 each; cassettes are $19 each. There are special discounts on orders of five or more. Send check or money order, payable to The Nation, to: "Rosenbergs," The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011 (a project of The Nation Institute).

'TURNERGATE' AT 1199

A Union Divided Against Itself

LEON FINK

In recent weeks shocking accusations of misconduct have rocked the New York City hospital workers' union, District 1199, which was formally separated from the National Union of Hospital and Health Care Employees last July. Throughout its history the hospital workers' union made the social and political mobility of its predominately black and female rank and file a central theme. Praised as honest, militant and politically progressive for more than two decades, it was identified with prominent national figures like Martin Luther King Jr., Coretta Scott King and Andrew Young. The hospital workers also developed civil rights heroes of their own. Not one was more celebrated than Doris Turner, a former dietary aide who rose through the ranks during the 1960s to head the union's single largest unit, the city's Hospital Division. In 1982 she became district president.

Despite its successes, 1199's brand of progressive, interracial unionism has encountered serious problems. Inside the union, top-down decision-making and the inexperience of rank-and-file staff recruits undercut a glittering rhetoric of democratic empowerment. Outside the union, the general rechanneling of the civil rights impulse into ethnic-power politics created other tensions. Combined with the play of individual ambitions, these forces produced a crisis in 1199.

Even before Turner took the reins as New York district president in 1982, however, her relations with the union's national leadership, which was largely white, had soured [see Joshua B. Freeman, "Hospital Workers, Heal Thyselves," *The Nation*, March 31, 1984]. They broke down completely last year when, after a bitter internal fray, the national union, now headed by black Philadelphian Henry Nicholas, split away from its international parent, the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union. District 1199 has remained a local within the R.W.D.S.U.

As district president, Turner consolidated control with a vigorous housecleaning. She stepped back from the union's traditional left-liberal stance—endorsing Edward Koch over Mario Cuomo in the 1982 governor's race, for example—and emphasized her Southern Baptist faith in appealing to black and female workers. Her approach seemed vindicated in district elections last April, when she trounced a dissident slate—the vote, now disputed, 22,178 to 8,809.

Leon Fink, an assistant professor of history at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, is the author of Workingmen's Democracy: The Knights of Labor and American Politics. *His study, with Brian Greenberg, of the hospital workers' union will be published soon by Harvard University Press.*

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Then, in last summer's contract negotiations with the League of Voluntary Hospitals and Homes of New York, Turner set out to place her mark on the union's history. After an unprecedented forty-seven-day citywide strike (one day longer than the famous strike of 1959 led by Leon Davis), Turner called some 50,000 members back to work to accept a two-year "agreement" which included annual 5 percent pay raises and a guarantee that workers get every other weekend off—one of Turner's key demands. Despite the league's warning that it would not sign a formal contract unless the union agreed to substantial givebacks, Turner claimed a major victory.

Now, onetime Turner supporters, including David White, who quietly resigned his post as district executive vice president at the end of the strike, have made grave charges against Turner. A self-styled black Marxist, White had been a strategist and spokesman for the district since 1982. In sworn affidavits and interviews, White says that Turner:

§ Directed massive voting fraud to avert a runoff in the April elections.

§ Led the union unprepared into an "unnecessary" and "disastrous" strike for her own ends, concealing the fact that most members already had every other weekend off or an acceptable equivalent and deceiving members about wage terms.

§ Empowered a "know-nothing" staff which cavorted in lavish hotel suites while members walked the picket lines without strike pay.

§ Abandoned the union's political legacy, even defending the investment of pension funds in South African companies because they brought a good return and created jobs.

§ Endorsed changes in the bylaws designed to squelch democratic opposition.

Despite Turner's categorical denials, White's charge about election fraud has been corroborated, according to *The New York Times*, by three other witnesses. A fourth witness, district representative Edward Lane, has also sworn publicly that district officials manipulated the election. Evidence abounds that the strike was ill-conceived at best, and despite their leader's continuing assurances, union members have yet to receive pay increases or new weekend schedules. Sensing the union's weakness, several hospitals have recently announced sizable layoffs, which the union has not contested. Workplace grievances pile up unattended.

The next developments in what some are calling Turnergate are by no means clear. Under the Landrum-Griffin Act, a new election must be held if there is evidence of fraud. Turner may fight the charges before the Labor Department, or she may try to head them off by calling for an early election in hopes of winning a vote of confidence before an effective opposition can mobilize.

On February 5, the Labor Department obtained a court order requiring the district to turn over all election materials. Meanwhile, with the help of union power broker Jack Bigel, Turner was pushing the hospitals to grant an immediate 5 percent raise to her members, without seeming to give up her earlier demand that pay increases apply retroactively or to accede to embarrassing givebacks. With hospital officials expressing total frustration, contract talks were recently broken off.

Turner's supporters both in and outside the union are drawn to her largely on the basis of racial solidarity. I spoke with a twenty-five-year union veteran, a nurse's aide at Beth Israel Hospital, who typified their attitude. "No one really knows what's going on," she said. "Nothing has been proved. Doris grew up with her people. I just hope that she will prove everybody to be wrong." Implying that attacks on Turner are somehow racially motivated, the black-owned *Amsterdam News* has thrown its editorial weight behind her, pending further investigation.

Nevertheless, unofficial returns from chapter meetings voting on Turner's proposed bylaws reveal a deeply disillusioned membership. Among other things, the new provisions would extend the terms of persons now in office and make it more difficult for opposing candidates to qualify. Workers at sixteen of the city's major hospitals turned down the constitutional changes, while votes in favor of them at Montefiore, Brooklyn Jewish and Staten Island Hospitals are being angrily contested by opponents. Members at several hospitals accuse Eugene Benjamin, a Turner partisan, of stuffing ballot boxes. The Puerto Rican Legal Defense Fund has gone to court to set aside the polling because Spanish-speaking members were not adequately informed of the proposed changes, which were circulated only in English. Reports indicate that RN and Guild (technical/professional) Divisions and most white and Latino members now oppose Turner. Her base is among black women who work as nurse's aides and in housekeeping and dietary units.

Since White's defection, several sources say, Turner has become increasingly fearful of disloyalty and intolerant of criticism. Thus, the bylaw vote has become a critical test not

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only of members' allegiance but of her staff's as well. According to one organizer, who asked not to be identified, Turner openly threatened the jobs of "losers" who "fucked up" by failing to bring in election victories. "We are called on to create miracles," he told me. Nor are the pressures merely verbal. Several sources report that organizer Don Rudolph was beaten up after he failed to deliver a positive vote at the Long Island College Hospital.

Turner's opponents also face problems. Leaders of the main opposition, which is known as Unity and Progress, or Slate 2, have been forced out of their union staff positions. Several, including presidential aspirant Joe Franklin, have left the district, at least temporarily. Because David White is retired, he cannot run for an executive post. Although they lack organization and experience, the insurgents are hoping to lay the groundwork for an expanded coalition during a future convention.

Meanwhile, other actors are waiting in the wings. National 1199 is keeping a low profile, officially constrained by its separation agreement from "interfering" in district matters. Another figure with an interest in the matter is R.W.D.S.U. president Alvin Heaps. Beholden to Turner for her past support and generally a cautious, conservative player, Heaps has the power to assume control of the district should Turner prove politically unsalvageable. As for the A.F.L.-C.I.O. (which, in the person of city labor chieftain Harry Van Arsdale, served as midwife to 1199's emergence), it is, according to one R.W.D.S.U. official, following "old boys' club" rules and steering clear of the controversy.

Hospital administrators, too, have problems with the disarray in 1199. During the strike, management's negotiating arm, the League of Voluntary Hospitals and Homes, was reportedly split between hard-liners favoring a roll-back of union power and conciliators disinclined to "pull a PATCO" in Mario Cuomo's New York. "If this were the auto industry," says Norman Metzger, Mount Sinai Hospital vice president and past president of the league, "there'd be no question, we'd be going in for the kill." Although hospitals are resisting pressure from the state to make unilateral concessions, as Metzger points out, "This is not the city looking to bust unions. We just need someone we can deal with."

It would be tragic if a union raised on the principles of racial equality were to be destroyed by instinctual defense of a black leader, right or wrong. Perhaps national civil rights representatives, who have often walked side by side with 1199 members, now have the best chance to speak out above faction for the interests of hospital workers. They should do so despite an understandable reluctance to intervene in an internal union matter. This union, after all, grew up with community support. Its health and welfare are still of vital significance to America's urban poor. It is also time for the A.F.L.-C.I.O. to reaffirm publicly its commitment to the democratic rights of union members. Although individual charges must be treated with due process, nothing short of a new election—administered by an impartial outside body and allowing for the possibility of revised officer slates—is likely to restore District 1199's legitimacy and fighting capacity. In the end, it will be up to New York orderlies, nurse's aides, laboratory technicians and dietary workers to decide if their union's reputation, built over many years, will be preserved. □

Pastor Roth

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

observed that the children of the unemployed could no longer expect to glide from school into well-paying jobs in the mills. For the next generation, she predicted, things are "going to be different." The Rev. Jesse Jackson put it more poignantly in a speech outside U.S. Steel's Duquesne works, where the Dorothy Six blast furnace is slated to be demolished. This once-busy region, he lamented, invoking the prophet Ezekiel, has become a "valley of dry bones."

Pittsburgh has not wanted for ideas on how to pull itself out of the slump. Local business leaders promise a hi-tech renaissance; church officials call for more money for social services and job training; progressives affiliated with the Tri-State Conference on Steel, a regional planning body formed by steelworkers and social activists, urge the establishment of a regional authority to take over abandoned steel mills, including the one at Duquesne. But so far, little has been accomplished. The plants continue to close, jobs disappear, family ties weaken and more children go hungry.

Concerned about the failure of both conventional and progressive remedies, a group of young ministers, with the support of church hierarchies from five denominations, began meeting in 1980 to explore more effective strategies for dealing with the problems of their working-class parishioners. They were guided by the tenets of the priestly ministry—the task of bringing peace and comfort to their congregants—and they called themselves the Pittsburgh Area Mission Strategy. They hired community organizer Charles Honeywell, who was influenced by Saul Alinsky, to help them plan ways of bringing about social change. Early efforts included food distribution, family counseling and educational programs. The aim was to alleviate the people's suffering and help the jobless act on their own.

Moved by the near-bankruptcy of Clairton in 1982 and the region's growing fiscal and economic crisis, Honeywell and the ministers, including Roth, petitioned Gov. Richard Thornburgh to declare the valley an economic disaster area. Changing their name to the Denominational Ministry Strategy (D.M.S.), they recognized the futility of treating just the symptoms and sought to deal with what the Rev. James Von Dreele calls the long-range issues, disinvestment and unemployment. In D.M.S.'s view, nothing would change for the workers until the responsibility for

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their suffering was traced back to the decision-makers whose choices had caused the pain.

D.M.S. set out to identify Pittsburgh's power elite and to confront them on the issues. The clergymen approached nearly fifty industrial and financial chieftains, including representatives of U.S. Steel and Mellon Bank, the city's biggest industrial and financial institution, respectively. According to Von Dreele, they received a standard reply: "We're too powerless to do anything." Mellon executives told the clergymen, "We're only lenders, not investors."

D.M.S. soon recognized that the enemy—corporate power—was impervious to the soft-spoken approach of the priestly ministry. As Honeywell put it, scripture teaches that actions to alleviate suffering are not enough. In the presence of evil, the priestly ministry fails. It becomes "like feeding Jews through the fence" of a concentration camp. Moreover, because its passivity strengthens evil, it is immoral. Rather than "adapt to evil," they decided to undertake an activist and critical prophetic ministry which accepts the moral responsibility of "agitating the pharisees" and provoking the institutional evildoers into reactionary responses that would make churchgoers aware of their existence. In Von Dreele's words, "To educate the congregation [we] must use tactics that outrage the culture." And outrage the culture they did.

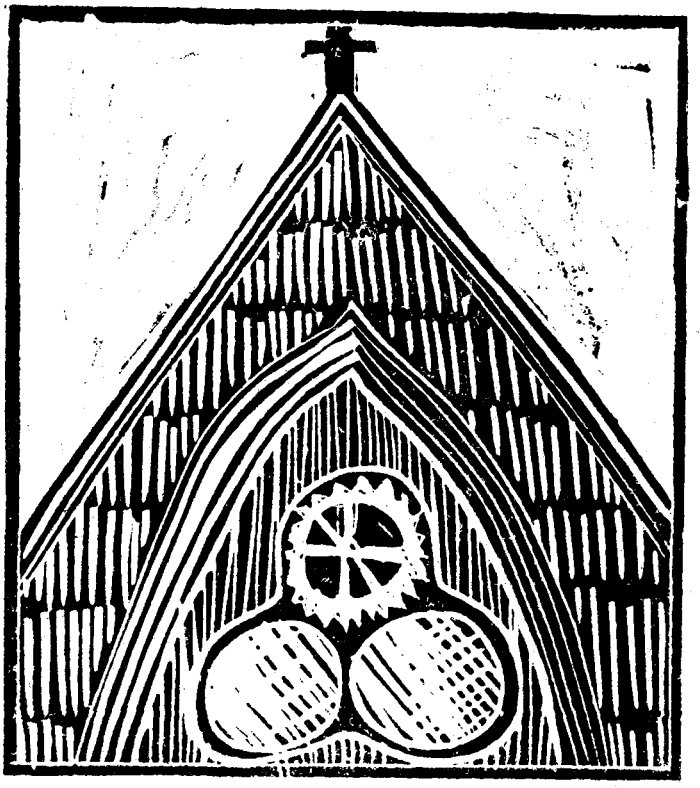
First, however, they tried conventional measures. To punish Mellon Bank for its disinvestment policies, including foreclosure on the Mesta Machine Company, D.M.S., in alliance with rank-and-file steelworkers, encouraged unemployed workers and local residents to withdraw their savings. Von Dreele estimates that depositors withdrew about $5 million (bank officials claim the total was approximately $100,000). When that strategy failed to affect bank policy, D.M.S. members turned to harsher tactics.

They attempted to disrupt business at local Mellon branches by depositing fish in safe-deposit boxes. They barged into church services attended by corporate officials, confronted businessmen at their suburban homes, berated church hierarchs at their altars. They threw containers of skunk oil during a children's Christmas pageant at one of the city's most affluent churches. Meanwhile, the ministers urged their parishioners to lend political and financial support to their prophetic ministry. As the campaign intensified, however, congregational resistance grew, especially among Pastor Roth's flock at Trinity Lutheran Church. Angry parishioners petitioned Bishop Kenneth May to investigate Roth's activities. After the minister refused to tone down his rhetoric, the synod's executive board called for his transfer to another parish. Roth declined to step aside. Bishop May regarded his refusal as a direct challenge to his and the synod's authority and ordered Roth to leave the church at once. The minister held his ground and, accompanied by the parish's executive board, locked himself inside the sanctuary. Lawyers for the synod—from the firm Reed, Shaw, Smith and McClay, which was also represented Mellon Bank and U.S. Steel—obtained an injunction and on November 13, 1984, the county sheriff removed the minister and jailed him. At that juncture the questions of unemployment, "corporate evil" and the prophetic ministry had become inseparable. The Roth case poses some touchy issues for D.M.S. and for the left.

Critics of D.M.S., including Bishop May, the press, business and union leaders and even some people on the left, have chastised the ministers for using tactics that distract from the economic debate by focusing attention on a power struggle in a single church. The clergymen counter that their battle against evil, whatever its source, must begin inside the church, which long has served to sanction local corporate and political power. The Rev. John Groppe, perhaps the most outspoken of the D.M.S. ministers, points to "scribes and pharisees standing with Mellon Bank against Roth so that they can continue their evil." In Groppe's words, "Christ never stood on the side of the powers that be and condoned them, but that's exactly where the national church stands." The ideological front of the church must be ripped away, the D.M.S. rebels say, to lay bare the core of corporate evil.

The prophetic ministers do not expect immediate or widespread public support. "We're not concerned with a good press," Honeywell explains. "Bad press causes reaction, half against us, half against them." In fact, he says, "You only win with bad press"; it draws public attention and comment. "It's an image war," says Von Dreele. "Corporate Pittsburgh is always worried about its image. That's their vulnerability." And as United Steel Workers Local 1397 president Ron Weisen, a strong D.M.S. supporter, declares, "We have given Pittsburgh a bad image [because] we don't want hi-tech, nonunion, $5-an-hour jobs. We'll continue to chase them out of Pittsburgh."

To the charge that churches and executives' homes are inappropriate settings for political confrontations, Von Dreele



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replies, "We go at them where they are." When Jesse Jackson and other political leaders hold rallies at the gates of abandoned plants, the crowds are small, Groppe points out, proving that traditional protests have no power to illuminate evil or to arouse the wrath of workers. In a world of telepolitics, evil can be exposed only by outrageous gestures.

Progressives will debate the wisdom of D.M.S.'s strategy, but one fact is undeniable: it has made the church a prime arena for initiating social change. The Roth incident, considered in the context of the Catholic Church's role in Poland's Solidarity movement, the emergence of liberation theology in Latin America, the bishops' draft statement on the economy and Jesse Jackson's Presidential candidacy, underscores the increased prominence of religion as a source of political resistance to economic domination.

Religion's political appeal is worth cultivating by the left. Churches offer ready-made meeting places for communicating with and organizing working-class people. The clergy provides a potentially valuable leadership pool. Religion's moral force adds much-needed credibility and legitimacy to an American labor movement that has too often been identified with greed and corruption. Religion can help efface the profane image of unions by joining them in the cause of community betterment. "The most powerful coalition there is," says Weisen, "is the church and the union."

But limitations have to be recognized. The prophetic ministry's unwavering fight against "evil" betrays an ambivalence toward democratic methods. According to Von Dreele, "Democracy is not the issue but rather scripture and theology." Old leftist battles over the role of leadership in mass movements seem to have found echoes in the turmoil at Trinity Lutheran. Even if, as Von Dreele charges, U.S. Steel and Mellon interests used contacts at Trinity Lutheran to foment anxiety and dissent about Roth's ministry, ministers have a democratic obligation to be sensitive to their parishioners' fears.

Moreover, the right also makes claims on scriptural authority. In his book *Toward a Theology of the Corporation*, Michael Novak writes, "The modern business corporation [is] a much despised incarnation of God's presence in this world." Novak, former Treasury Secretary William Simon and other conservative Catholics recently formed the Lay Commission on Catholic Social Teaching and the U.S. Economy, partly in anticipation of the Catholic bishops' economic statement, which was critical of economic injustice. Theology is a contested terrain; claiming that God is on your side hardly assures an expanding coalition.

The overlooked tragedy of Roth's imprisonment is what it reveals about American society's historic inability to provide means by which communities can control economic change, and the culture's historic inability to place the blame where it belongs—on the economic system. Pittsburgh's problems are caused by the workings of a capitalist political economy, not the evildoings of powerful elites. Malevolence is not required for Pittsburgh and many other cities to suffer the trials of disinvestment. All it takes is a group of steel and bank executives who are doing their jobs. The prophetic ministers fail to see that the profit makers draw their power from the process of profit making. The church's moral indignation needs to locate its targets at deeper levels of social reality.

Traditional leftist approaches, such as the Tri-State Conference on Steel's, offer important clues to how the system should be changed. But Tri-State's program has done little to uplift the spirit of the unemployed. The jobless remain discouraged and cynical about politics and government. Like other leftist organizations around the country, Tri-State has policies and ideas but no aroused constituency to support them.

D.M.S. offers a strategy of cultural outrage but little in the way of a program and not much more in the way of expanding support for the unemployed. Whatever the original intent, the Roth issue has become a question of church authority and order rather than economic justice, and coverage in the local press has compounded the confusion. But D.M.S.'s push for a "bad press" has also contributed. Much heat but little light has been thrown on the political strategies that are necessary to give direction to economic change.

Still, possibilities for potent alliances have emerged. Only a few years ago, the United Steel Workers appeared split beyond repair. The international union's refusal to play an active role in reopening the mills in Youngstown, Ohio, deepened the already serious rift between rank-and-file insurgents and the international hierarchy. But the sheer magnitude of plant closings since then has forced the union to play a more active role in resisting corporate flight. At a recent demonstration to save the Dorothy Six blast furnace, U.S.W.A. president Lynn Williams joined Jesse Jackson in backing the Tri-State public authority plan, a remarkable turnaround given the union's strong opposition to public control at Youngstown.

The spirit and commitment of D.M.S. should be brought to such coalitions, but in ways that educate church radicals to the variety of needs and outlooks on the left. A global debate on the ties between secular radicalism and a passionate, religiously inspired commitment to economic morality and justice is under way. In America, with its plethora of denominations and community and regional organizations, such a debate lacks a ready forum. A national conference of leftist organizations, secular and religious, should be convened before the next Presidential campaign to thrash out the issues. Jesse Jackson's Rainbow Coalition might provide an appropriate umbrella.

Such a conference does not figure to be a merry gathering. The questions are touchy and difficult ones. Dealing with them will demand heightened levels of sensibility and tolerance on the part of activist clergy and secular progressives. But from such a meeting could come energetic coalitions at the community, regional and national levels. One thing is certain, though: Pastor Roth's treatment at the hands of the Lutheran and Pittsburgh power elites shows that the church's emerging role as an agent of social change presents an ambiguous opportunity for progressives, one which must be watched closely and engaged directly. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Language, and Sweet Music Too

CHARLES MOLESWORTH

COLLECTED POEMS: 1947-1980. *By Allen Ginsberg. Harper & Row. 837 pp. $27.50.*

Filled with great and various things, this book can be read in many different ways. I offer four, just to get us started.

A. This is a dialogue between two poets, one named Ginsberg, the other Allen. Ginsberg was early on affected by notions of scale. It was he who took Allen's experience of his mother and turned it into "Kaddish" (1959), the largest elegy in postwar American poetry. It was also Ginsberg who wrote the gems of polyvocal satire and miscreant complaint we know as "Howl," "America," and "A Supermarket in California." These were built out of a public voice and a need to address America with a litanic energy fueled by Blake's vision and Whitman's versification. Ginsberg was to go on writing such poems for four decades, though seldom more successfully than this, until he reached his apogee in "Wichita Vortex Sutra," the public and prophetic poem he will most be remembered for. "I here declare the end of the War!" is the most chilling line of poetry written by an American in the decade of the 1960s, and since it comes in a poem that explores language, its desperations, its deceits, its degeneration, the line is especially poignant, being only language. Then came the "Plutonian Ode" (1978), one last plea to restore the power of mind and the respect for body to a civilization fixated on "Radioactive Nemesis." This is the poet that the morally scabrous *Time* could dismiss as "looking for his market share."

Then there is Allen. He starts this long book with a short, revealing poem about social and sexual rejection transformed into a demanding voice. Allen, like Ginsberg, is first and last an elegiac poet. It is Allen who writes of sleeping with Neal Cassady in "Many Loves" (1956), a homosexual love poem that is much more than that, and then says twelve years later that the deceased Neal has become "all ashes, all ashes again." It is also Allen who writes "Please Master," a masochistic hymn that is less than a homosexual love poem. Allen collaborates with Ginsberg more and more as both develop. Together they write "Bixby Canyon Ocean Path Word Breeze" (1971) and "Mind Breaths" (1973), as meditation lowers the voice of Ginsberg just slightly, and modulates toward universality Allen's plaintive urgency. Together they also enact a version of their own relationship in "Contest of Bards" (1977), a poem it will take a while for most critics to come to terms with.

B. The book is a fugue, a massive interweaving of subjects and verse forms that recur and interilluminate one another. I restrict myself to one example, the stretch between "The Green Automobile" (1953) and "Siesta in Xbalba" (1954). "The Green Automobile" anticipates all of *The Fall of America* (1973) with its "newspaper headline radio brain auto poesy," the in-motion method of composition that Ginsberg says is central to his poetic, a rhyming system analogous to Burroughs' "cut-up" method. Then follow "My Alba," a cry of waste and shame, and "Sakyamuni Coming Out from the Mountain," the answering cry of spiritual energy—an early Buddhist emanation from a brain that will be tested with and against every available expansionary force. Next is "Havana 1953," the first extended history and social mores poem, written superficially as if it were an academic poet's travelogue lyric celebrating Fulbright-grant freedoms and new perspectives. (The history of the cold war is in these 837 pages, and you can get a digest of it just by consulting the very useful fifty pages of notes at the end.) But this poem is without a mythico-psychological framework, and stays put at the level of observation resurrected by juxtaposition. As Ginsberg says, "Things are symbols of themselves." Then comes a twenty-eight-line ballad about visions in desolate rooms, "Green Valentine Blues," written in rhyming quatrains, as if to show the still-doubting Thomases that Ginsberg was always engaged in prosodic experiment with a purpose, even when he was most traditional and *faux naïf*.

The section closes with "Siesta in Xbalba," a fourteen-page free-verse poem about all the things in the preceding four poems—visionary madness, social miscreancy, drugs, alternative cultures, eternity, America and death—that employs an apparently loose structure in order to incorporate a poetry that stretches beyond formalist strictures to encompass the way we live now, as well as the ways we fail our lives. "Siesta" bears comparison with the work of Gary Snyder, especially in *The Back Country*, for both deal with the need to see America, to re-envision it through the vantage point of another culture. Drugs and meditation and self-derangement were then apparently the only ways to re-imagine a communal life; rather than see these activities as narcissistic indulgences, we will come to see them here as half-hopeless Emersonian religious errancies, wanderings in the wilderness of ego in search of the oversoul. This group of poems states, alters, recapitulates and tries to broaden the conditions and causes of this wandering, and their microcosmic reflection of everything in the *Collected Poems* shows how thoroughly consistent Ginsberg's mission has been.

C. This is a book of national identity, a thoroughly American expression. Ginsberg has spoken often and forcibly against the dangers of "provincial wartime nationalist-history-bound egoic myopia" and about the need to replace it with "panoramic awareness of planet news." Still, there is no more American poet than this once-shaggy simulacrum of Uncle Sam with his hat like a flag, who gave the House Un-American Activities Committee its just share of sleepless nights. I would suggest that beyond the obvious relations to Whitman and Melville, there is also some resemblance to Dickinson (especially in those Allen poems, often written in alabaster chambers of unnameable loneliness and grief, addressed to an unbelieving world, about some once-present, all powerful, never appearing lover) and to Twain. But beyond this, I would mention the first and most recent American shadows: the early Puritans and Norman Mailer. The Puritans' main expression

Charles Molesworth, whose most recent book is Gary Snyder's Vision: Poetry and the Real Work *(University of Missouri Press), teaches at Queens College and the Graduate Center, CUNY.*

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was their "conversion narratives," simple, spontaneous, heartfelt accounts of visits from the divine. The *Collected Poems* can be read as one long conversion narrative, complete with a visionary urgency about how to translate the new angle of vision into practical deeds. As Patricia Caldwell has argued in her recent book on the subject, the Puritans differed from their English counterparts in this form of expression by referring always to the context of the "new land." Likewise Ginsberg, who always places the moment of the vision geographically.

As for Mailer, he is "the white negro," the class voyeur, the one who tries to pass but in the other direction. This is partly the modernist's *nostalgie de la boue*, partly Rimbaud's *voyant*, partly the hoped-for proof that one can still be a Shelleyan angel without being totally damned. (Mailer's favorite line is Voltaire's "Once a philosopher, twice a pervert." Ginsberg is willing to try even the third taste.) But unlike the Puritan conversion narrative, Ginsberg's autobiography moves from the higher world back into this world, as we all are precipitated back into our bodies in ecstacy. "I always wanted/ to return/ to the body/ where I was born," he says in one very ambiguous passage, combining a fear of transcendence with a desire to return to the womb and yet suggesting an American pragmatist's longing for fleshy security. Unlike Mailer's advertisements for himself, Ginsberg's seeking and self-display celebrate the values of the subculture as much as the dissenting genius of the individual. In a sense, with his community orientation, Ginsberg is more of a Puritan preacher than Mailer, and yet he shatters his own religious consistency with something akin to Mailer's secular consciousness.

D. This book is the exfoliation of a single vision that occurred to a young poet in East Harlem in 1948. Here the reader must refer to Ginsberg's account of that vision in the interview he gave Tom Clark in 1965, reprinted in the *Paris Review Interviews*. Many critics and readers have mined this interview not only for the account of the vision but also for its insights on various topics. But what most readers have not sufficiently noticed is that the vision has a threefold revelation. First there was the moment itself, which arose out of hopeless love for Neal Cassady and eventuated in hearing the voice of William Blake. Second, there was the fear that Ginsberg was going mad: both panicked and exalted, he tried to tell the vision to some women living next door. Failing to do this, he started reading books from his shelf and began to see "all sorts of divine significance" in them. Third, and most important perhaps, later in the week he had the same vision while in the Columbia University bookstore. Here he realized that everyone "had the consciousness," but that their social masks caused them to hide it. It would be "too terrible if we communicated to each other on a level of total consciousness," and so we accept the ridiculous alternative of denying our own knowledge and nature.

We can gloss these three "moments" as the central vision itself in which one is given the authoritative voice of the enlightened one; the struggle to communicate it which is then sublimated into reconfirming its scattered and hidden presence in the great texts; and the acceptance of the social falsity that both allows the vision to continue and prevents its full expression. Every one of Ginsberg's poems can be read as a moment related to these three perspectives, or as a dramatized rite of passage from one moment to another. In fact, the whole of Ginsberg's career can be read as a giant curve that traces the sequence of these three moments. Roughly speaking I would say the vision itself animates the work from 1948 to about *Planet News* (1968). Then, increasingly, Ginsberg tries to find, not only in his research into Buddhist texts but also in the headlines and false language of the media, the positive and negative reaffirmation of the scattered and hidden truth. This period runs until approximately 1973 and is highlighted by *The Fall of America*. Then comes the final period, where he slowly accepts the impossibility of social transformation through an open acceptance of the secret knowledge. Here the central texts are in *Mind Breaths* (1972-1977), but a key transitional moment is the writing of *Elegies for Neal Cassady* (1968). (This may also be read as the pivotal text in which the poetry of Allen and the poetry of Ginsberg begin to cross-fertilize one another.) In poems like "Plutonian Ode" and "Ego Confession" we can hear implicitly and explicitly the admission of failure. From here, "Mugging," "Yes and It's Hopeless" and the recent "White Shroud" (not included

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here) about his long-dead mother, mark a downward course. There are moments of counterbalance, such as "Don't Grow Old," but by and large the closing notes are mixed and sad at best. Here are the last lines of the book:

Aware Aware wherever you are No Fear
Trust your heart Don't ride your Paranoia dear
Breathe together with an ordinary mind
Armed with Humor Feed & Help
Enlighten Woe Mankind

Even here there are several ways to read those last two words, but I would ask the reader to notice especially the third line. The way we need to read Ginsberg to feel his full force is not as some aging beatnik or some countercultural clown but as what he has been all along: a visionary poet who wants most of all to return us to true mental regularity. □

Arresting, Not Arrested

APRIL BERNARD

LOUISE BOGAN: A Portrait. *By Elizabeth Frank. Alfred A. Knopf. 460 pp. $24.95.*

Louise Bogan, the poet and critic who died in 1970 at the age of 72, has never suffered from too large a reputation. During her life she was probably best known as a critic: she wrote for several publications and was *The New Yorker*'s poetry critic for more than 30 years, rustling a semiannual "round-up" for that magazine. Her reviews were catholic in range and stern in judgment. They lost her friends and won her as many. She had the anti-intellectualism of the autodidact, buttressed by a sympathy at all times for the "felt." To erstwhile friend Allen Tate, who had written to express his annoyance at a review, she replied: "I was reviewing a book of poetry which aroused in me respect and irritation in about equal measure. If you objected to the tone of my review, I objected, straight down to a core beyond detachment, to the tone of some of the poems."

Bogan's own poetry was read and admired—and of course also attacked—within the narrow circle of poetry's cognoscenti. Auden hailed her as one of the best poets writing, and her lyric verse won her Guggenheims, membership in the Academy of Arts and Letters, and a host of other honors from her peers. But her output was not enormous, and her poems remain difficult—chiseled, often bitter little riddles in which the poet's rational mind makes cynical (or resigned or brave) sense of the vagaries of the human heart. For all her poetry's well-tailored chic, its unmistakable power inheres in its resistance to its own good manners. But however remarkable her poetry, today not many remember, if they ever knew, who Bogan was.

Elizabeth Frank's biography contributes much to our knowledge, though rather less to our understanding, of Bogan. Her childhood, which was the source of incredible trauma, exerts a grim fascination, something like the morbid chill of a Lizzie Borden trial as told in newspaper accounts of that time. Nothing quite so sensational afflicted Bogan's small, lower-middle-class family, but her mother did take lovers, which the child was aware of, and she did muster about her a circle of furtive confidantes whom the child despised and feared. The father was foreman in innumerable paper mills; the family moved often, perhaps one step ahead of scandal, from one New England manufacturing town to another. Louise was sent to one of the best preparatory schools in Boston, Girls' Latin, and she entered Boston University in 1915. After one year, against her parents' wishes and throwing over a scholarship to Radcliffe, she married a soldier and abandoned her formal education for good.

The biography is also valuable for its chronicling of Bogan's life in literary New York, where she moved in 1920 after her first marriage ended in divorce. One of her closest friends of the 1920s and 1930s was Edmund Wilson, and she was also friendly with Margaret Mead, Eleanor Wylie, Malcolm Cowley—the whole group. (Later important associations included Theodore Roethke, Morton Zabel and John Hall Wheelock, her editor at Scribner's for many years.) Wilson was a mentor and a goad, and in later years Bogan liked to tell the story of how he had locked her in a room and forced her to write her first critical essay. She was beautiful, tall, thin and high-strung, alternately charming and abrasive, hard-working but also beset by self-doubt. She worried about her personal life, as a succession of love affairs culminated in a stormy, decade-long marriage to the writer and editor Raymond Holden. And she worried about her poetry, which emerged only slowly and painfully.

Bogan's troubles prompted her to seek psychiatric help, and on a few occasions she was hospitalized for the depression that dogged her all her life. Her emotional instability contributed in large part to the jealous rages that marred her marriage, but it is clear from Frank's portrait that Bogan's anger had a positive function as well. Two extracts from Bogan's journals: "I can feel rage, but I am never humiliated, any more." "Do not shrink from your hatreds. They may be a cover for other emotions—let that also stand. If I did not hate, if I had not hated pretense and falsehood in others, how false, how pretentious I should have been myself!" Anger and hatred provided a backbone for this vulnerable woman and fueled her relentless efforts to distinguish the true from the sham. With all her faults placed squarely before the readers of this book, Bogan emerges troubled, tormented and cruel. (That she is also vindicated, at least in this reader's eye, is more or less in spite of the treatment she receives here.)

Where Frank's biography fails—and its failure is substantial—is in its woolly lack of purpose. This is what led, I am sure, to the meticulous over-documentation that drones through rich and bare patches alike. In a spasmodic way, Frank exerts a certain amount of "critical" authority, pausing now and again to interpret Bogan's verse, usually by means of tediously detailed correspondences between the "subject matter" of the poems and the poet's life at the time they were written. Taken too seriously, this method is perilous, especially in the case of a writer like Bogan, whose poems attempted, and often achieved, transcendence through thought imposed on feeling. Criticism that insists on linking the work to the life does an implicit disservice to such poems. There is much more to be said about Bogan's poetry, but it does not get said here.

Frank is also impeded by an unavoidable reliance on letters, diaries and memoirs. Excepting the criticism and the badinage in some letters, Bogan's

April Bernard is the author of a book of poems, Prayers and Sermons for the Stations of the Cross *(Sea Cliff).*

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prose is labored and often boring. This liability would have weighed on any biographer.

Rather like a teacher's "topic sentence" tacked to a young student's paper, this biography does claim to have a purpose. In the foreword, Frank asserts that "something stopped Louise Bogan dead in her tracks, not once but many times," and she proposes to discover "this principle of arrest." But by the end of this thoroughly long book, the search has failed on two scores: Frank never broaches a coherent answer to her question, and it becomes clear that the question of poetic "arrest" was not the right one to have posed.

Why a biography at all? So many biographies seem gratuitous, but the fault does not lie with the genre. To look at a few relatively recent examples of successful biographies, Richard Sewall's of Emily Dickinson and Walter Jackson Bate's of Samuel Johnson are enthralling because the authors were driven by a passionate engagement with their subjects. And that engagement need not be sympathetic. Lawrance Thompson's venomous, despairing portrait of Robert Frost wrestles with the poet, but always with passion. Such a book needs no excuse for having been written, even if the life explored never acquires a satisfying form and the author never unravels the puzzles left behind by the dead.

Bad biography, on the other hand, is always looking for an excuse. One prevalent type uses a life to prove a point—either Freudian or sociological. The subject is sacrificed for the greater good of theory, and the only thing to be said in favor of such exercises is that they usually remain mercifully short on documentation, since too much detail throws the game. Other sorts of weak biography may begin with good intentions—fulfillment of a dissertation, say—and even a measure of passion, but somewhere in the course of research the biographer loses the spark and comes to feel saddled by the life being chronicled; the result shows all the signs of familial exasperation. You can choose your lovers but not your relatives, and such a biographer no longer feels he has the freedom to cast his subject aside. Hence Ian Hamilton's condescension toward Robert Lowell, Diane Johnson's fatigued embarrassment with Dashiell Hammett.

Elizabeth Frank has fallen into this trap. Although she expresses admiration for Bogan, it does not seem to be particularly deep. Her overpowering wish that Bogan had been *more* productive, *less* troubled, is that of a hand wringer at the graveside. Frank writes: "The possibility, often said to be feared by people

DE SOTO

Tonight I am thinking of my lost cousin, the lights
of the city reaching toward me
over the black body of the river. They are almost
fingers, alive and cold, and one
cast down from the C&P Telephone tower glows green
as the De Soto he drove, a wallowing
darkness with that famous fluid drive I remember
roaring as we climbed cobblestones
past Aunt Dot's house. Her curtains were pulled in
against the afternoon, but we
weren't stopping that day, we were rolling into
curves so the tires squealed
like pigs, and me too, flung at the door he locked,
taking us to the high country
above Cumberland, just in time to see the Potomac
washing from red to a bleached
white while spirals of coal smoke stitched houses
shoulder to shoulder against
the brittle night. At the top he smoked and talked
of the Spaniard someone named
his fat, sluggardly car after, and my cousin said
they buried the great explorer,
a poor man like us, in the Mississippi River, and I
shivered, thinking of the dead
alone in the water bumping through cold coalyards
and sewers in the city I saw
shining at the bottom of the far dark, where maybe
Aunt Dot's husband was still
sunk in his chair at the parlor wall, his pipe's
plumes coiling through slants
of leaden sun. I was seven or eight, feather frail
all that long day starting
with the scrub of his lava—"the best thing a man
knows to scrape off the B&O"—,
then the garage and the wheezing tube that lifted
the De Soto like a boy
in a man's hand, so I watched him run his finger
over oil lines for leaks,
and watched a man pumping something in each joint,
his face serious as Dot's
husband's when he bent to the great train wheels.
Was it then I asked why
all the cars at that family house, and my parents
in black, bringing the food?
Or later when he held me over the city and water
I knew he'd keep me from? . . . not
knowing the black seed in his lungs already flickered
its tendrils like headlights
on the freight easing far off toward Pittsburgh, D.C.,
anywhere you want, he said,
and now there is little to think of, thinking of him,
mostly the mechanic's hands
at the big wheel, highbeams swelling his face, a voice
that speaks of an edge
a man needs to keep to when he's coming down, tires
that talk back to us, a sound
like a diesel braking, a compressor letting go at last,
things I hear night after night
when cars climb here and the river and the river hisses
patiently as if it meant
to warn those lights on its back won't last, are only
the heart's need to be
dazzled from the steadily roaring darkness. Yet blink
just once and I see him,
doubled, explorer, dark-eyed, walking out on the years
into the world dark as dirt,
headed for the froth and swirl of the waiting waters,
his De Soto a shadow that leaves
me waving from Dot's porch, until I turn and enter
the parlor of smoking candles
where all the long dead are saying don't worry, and I
try not to shake too much
when the dark wine slides in me like edgy, distant light.

Dave Smith

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who are both creative and neurotic, that psychiatric treatment would cure their neurosis but in the process kill their creativity, may well have been, for Louise Bogan, uncannily close to the truth." If there were only one or two such passages in the book, one might discount them as a mild complaining to which the author was entitled. But they are legion. Perhaps I do Frank an injustice, but the flat, querulous tone does not suggest anything like a "felt" response to the poet or her work. *Louise Bogan: A Portrait* begins in enthusiasm for the woman and condescension for her early writing. It ends with praise for what work there was ard with contempt for the woman. (The harsh way in which Frank disposes of Bogan's final days is ugly to read.) In this way, the book mirrors the habit of the world, to love the young only for what they cannot help being, and to love the old only for what they have done.

Is this book the appropriate vehicle for bringing the poet back into our gaze? How dare anyone blame such a writer for what she did *not* do? Bogan's poems will survive, and *The Blue Estuaries: Poems 1923-1968*, the definitive collection of more than a hundred poems spanning her career, is still in print. Read "After the Persian," "To Be Sung on the Water," "Men Loved Wholly Beyond Wisdom," "If We Take All Gold"—read them all. Here is the final verse from "Roman Fountain":

> O, as with arm and hammer,
> Still it is good to strive
> To beat out the image whole,
> To echo the shout and stammer
> When full-gushed waters, alive,
> Strike on the fountain's bowl
> After the air of summer.

We must, for now, content ourselves with that, and that is much. □

Limited Gains

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

VISIONS OF EMANCIPATION: The Italian Workers' Movement Since 1945. *By Joanne Barkan. Praeger. 265 pp. $24.95.*

Italy, of course, is different. In what other country would the Socialist President and the fanatically anticommunist Pope publicly mourn the death of the leader of the Communist Party? But Italy's differences are, in some ways at least, simply the experience of the entire West writ large and with imagination. That is the case with the postwar Italian left, the subject of Joanne Barkan's important new book.

For the Western left, the postwar era is divided into two quite different periods: the period from 1947 to roughly 1970, and that from the early 1970s to the present. In the first period, perhaps the greatest boom in the history of capitalism, trade unionists, socialists and most communists became left Keynesians. Under conditions of economic growth, workers and their allies could present themselves as a "national class," i.e., a class whose interests were those of society as a whole. High wages and high consumption, it was understood, were the keys to expanded production.

In the early 1970s, a worldwide economic slowdown culminated in the worst recession since the Great Depression. In most of Europe, unemployment reached record highs and stayed there. (Sweden and Austria were exceptions.) More to the point, these events restored the classic contradiction between accumulation and consumption. We had entered, as Jerry Brown rightly said, an age of limits. But, being an American, he typically ignored the critical questions: Whose limits? Which social actors were to receive the bill?

Visions of Emancipation begins with a useful, if fairly standard, account of the period in Italy immediately following World War II. The cold war was a major force in the factories as well as in Parliament. In 1955, for instance, the American Ambassador to Italy, Clare Boothe Luce, decided that the United States would award no military contracts to plants in which the Communist-led General Confederation of Labor had a majority. Then, too, the U.S. government and trade unionists from the American Federation of Labor had played an active role in splitting the Italian union movement shortly after the war.

By the 1960s, in Italy as throughout the West, the balance of bargaining

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power started to shift. New social forces began to appear both within and outside the unions. Barkan's analysis of these developments makes her *Visions of Emancipation* an indispensable volume for any student of the left. Here, one finds that tendency of the Italian left to write themes large and con brio.

The new unionism of the late 1960s and early 1970s in Italy did not begin with the younger workers, who tended to ignore the unions, but with the skilled veterans. As the movement gathered strength, it brought new groups—women, southerners, the unskilled—into the struggle. It also raised new demands: equal pay increases for everyone in order to reduce income differentials within the working class; some worker control over production decisions; 150 hours of paid time off over three years so that workers could take educational courses. The 150 hours concession played a significant role in feminist consciousness raising, for it enabled women to participate in discussion groups with full pay. (Some of their voices emerge in a fascinating series of interviews at the conclusion of Barkan's narrative.)

In the "Hot Autumn" of 1969, more than a quarter of the Italian work force went on strike. In the factories there were tumultuous assemblies which resulted in less hierarchical forms of representation for the workers. The issue of money, however, was not ignored: taking their pay in 1966 as a base, the metal and mechanical workers were able to get a 47.8 percent increase by 1970. (In the same period, prices had only gone up by 11.6 percent, so here was an actual income increase of more than one third in five years!)

Then a number of things happened. The new unionism lost some of its spontaneity; the union hierarchies began to consolidate again; oil shocks and stagflation hit the advanced industrial economies; and suddenly history seemed to turn a corner. Ironically, there are people on the left and the right who agree about the causes of these trends. In Claus Offe's collection of essays *Contradictions of the Welfare State* and in Samuel Bowles, David M. Gordon and Thomas E. Weisskopf's *Beyond the Waste Land*, critics of the system argue that the welfare state, particularly in periods of populist surges, may be too capitalist to be socialist—and too socialist to be capitalist.

In any case, one of the most intriguing parts of Barkan's analysis is her account of the "historic compromise" proposed by the Italian Communists to deal with the new situation. Most Americans think of the Berlinguer proposal in political terms, as an attempt on the part of the Communists to create an alliance with the progressive forces among the Christian Democrats. But it also involved a remarkable plan for self-imposed working-class austerity in exchange for genuine working-class participation in shaping the economic transition that its sacrifices would help finance.

Eventually the Communists backed off from their own proposal because the workers' sacrifices were much more specific than the compensations offered them. As part of that change of direction, the Communists turned toward the new social movements of the 1970s.

WATCHING THE CANE-CUTTERS

There is a card in hell with my name on it:
age, nationality, and date of exit.

On this shore, near side of the moon & stars,
the cane-cutters sway against a burnt sky,

their gleaming mechanical arms
set in motion in some previous life

whose memories keep shifting, flowing
and solidifying like the shadows on the terrace.

For, unlike cane, memories cannot be refined
into sugar in dead of night, boiled free of darkness

and separated from the shadows of the earth.
In my other lives, uncut and unrefined,

what passed for darkness was no more than
an unexpected variety of light,

a reflection thrown by my deep ignorance
of the very actions that would congeal into memories.

Just as the man who cuts the cane
allows his mind to wander only so far

beyond the arc of his scythe before yanking it back,
I allowed myself only momentary flight

from the machinery of my words and gestures,
the rotten anchor of my fears.

Later, as the tide slides in trimmed with pearl
and the fields empty for the night,

all memories and darkness and light
seep from the room like moisture,

blood-tinged and aromatic,
displaced by the sleep creeping over me

and the dim, recurring dream that tomorrow,
to the music of the scythes,

that card from hell will arrive,
updated, signed in fire, inviting me back . . .

Nicholas Christopher

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Barkan's chapter on feminism and the working class is quite good. When the Italian feminists emerged among college educated women in the 1960s, the problems they faced paralleled the experience of American women during the same period. Women on the left were sometimes called *angeli del ciclostile*, "angels of the mimeograph machine." But the tempo of activity accelerated quickly, not the least because the struggle for the right to choice in abortion was well mobilized and capable at times of challenging the Communists who, because of the "historic compromise," were cutting too many deals with the Christian Democrats. Eventually, that mobilization from the bottom worked and Italy passed one of the most progressive abortion laws in the West.

Moreover, even though Italian women did not enter the paid labor force at anything like the rate of American women, the political culture of the country allowed them to make real gains within the unions. "By 1980," Barkan writes, "unions in Milan were even holding factorywide assemblies during working hours to discuss legislation on sexual violence in the broader context of women's subordination, sexual needs, and matrimonial duties."

Enormously important as that and other social gains are, they do not alter the fact that no one on the left in Italy has a coherent answer to the crisis that has been going on for a decade or so. It is to Barkan's credit that she does not shrink from the depressing results of this struggle:

> The labor movement had sufficient strength in the market arena to disrupt the economy, but it never exercised enough influence in the political arena to gain structural reforms. When the economy went into crisis, the labor movement was vulnerable to serious defeats precisely because the model of development had not been substantially altered. The unions could not redeploy their full strength in the market arena because this would only have aggravated the economic crisis. The dilemma is unequivocal. Labor has the ability to destabilize the economic system but still depends on the existing system and cannot change it in the near future. This constitutes the impasse of the Italian labor movement.

And the impasse of the French, Spanish, German and U.S. labor movements. Do not expect Joanne Barkan to offer a militant formula for getting the working class out of its terrible bind, but her book is important because it asks the right questions and avoids the easy answers. That is the condition for finding a real answer. □

ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Lee Krasner: A Retrospective

In *Italian Hours*, Henry James describes an expedition to Grottaferrata, where, he tells us, "I was careful to visit the famous frescoes of Domenichino in the adjoining church." Domenichino is little known today, but in his time his Saint Cecilia frescoes in Rome were regarded as the very apogee of painting; no less an authority than Nicolas Poussin considered him second only to Raphael. Poussin's opinion prevailed until the middle of the nineteenth century, but even the guidebook James carried claimed that the "Last Communion of Saint Jerome" was "the second finest painting in the world." A world which contained only one painting finer than this Domenichino would be a pretty sorry one, James thought, and he wondered why he himself "drew the line" at a painter who remained "an interesting case in default of being an interesting painter." Here is what he says: "He is so supremely good an example of effort detached from inspiration and school merit divorced from spontaneity . . . an artist whose development was a negation." Domenichino, James conceded, possessed talent but lacked charm, and his imagination "went about trying this and that, concocting cold pictures after cold receipts, dealing in the second hand, in the ready-made, and putting into its performances a little of everything but itself."

James's assessment—harsher, he realized, than warranted—came back to me the other afternoon as I stood among the late Lee Krasner's paintings in the large scale retrospective given her at the Museum of Modern Art, wondering why I drew the line at an artist whom esteemed persons esteem highly. I had gone because I hoped that I might be bowled over but also because Krasner is more interesting as a case than as a painter. It is difficult to respond to her save as a shadow of artists greater than her—her teacher, Hans Hofmann, her husband, Jackson Pollock, and her luminous contemporaries of the New York school. That she was at least as good as those artists is what this show sets out to prove.

The installation of her work at MOMA does everything it can to suppress shadows. There is no narrative, none of those helpful legends museums post at the entry to an exhibition to orient visitors. It was evidently the curatorial intention to put nothing between the viewer and the work, in the conviction, presumably, that the work could stand on its own. As one enters, there is an enlarged photograph of Krasner in her East Hampton studio, surrounded by paintings. One passes through a vestibule hung with early paintings, all abstract, before emerging into the large spaces given to her mural-size works, which are illuminated by an almost metaphorically uncompromising light. The museum can create a harshly reductive atmosphere when it is emptied of everything the viewer could have used, and perhaps everything the paintings may need, to effect an understanding encounter. How appropriate it would have been, I thought, to have had a few plants about to set off the floral motifs Krasner favored, and to provide a counterpoint of sympathetic reality. Barbara Rose has described a visit to Krasner's studio where she sat, as her hostess made tea, looking at "the huge ferns and plants, the shell and rock collections, the incredible richness of natural forms that she collects to correspond to a life lived richly, organically, bravely, in an art one could describe in the same manner." Here, by contrast, is an incredible poverty of natural forms: bare white walls, labels, light fixtures, guards, alarm boxes. It is not clear that this is the right way to see paintings, or in any case Krasner's paintings. By erasing the appurtenances of life, one erases a certain vitality from the works: the paintings seem driven back into the canvases by the relentless light, as though negatively phototropic.

The one touch of life was the spirited gallery lecturer, who pointed things out to an earnest handful of visitors. The throngs who lined up to check coats, buy tickets, make phone calls, purchase refreshments, and even to pee, did not penetrate the austere threshold of a show that was quite empty. She drew attention to the way Krasner "sort of sprayed where Pollock instead dripped," seeming to imply some gender difference in the application of paint: more

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"misty," she said, "less bubbly." Her charges traced out certain breastlike shapes for one another, but they all seemed as subdued as the paintings, or as intimidated by the clinical constraints of those inhumane spaces.

But I cannot blame the infelicitously sterile installation for my numbness to these works. I had seen, a few summers back, a wonderfully animated exhibition in East Hampton, curated by Rose, called Krasner/Pollock: A Working Relationship. A good bit of that show consisted of juxtaposed paintings by the two artists, in which it was clear enough that they worked at the same time with the same ideas, and that there was an artistic interchange as part of, perhaps as the basis of, their relationship. In point of history, it could be argued that Krasner arrived at certain solutions first, and if art were like science, where priority matters, she ought to receive a credit denied her by the unkindness of historical accident. A painter of whom I am fond boasts that he had the drip before Pollock, and indeed he can show you an early painting where there is, unmistakably, a drip. But this drip arrived on the canvas from so different a direction that it does not really belong to the same history as Pollock's—something one cannot say, of course, about what Krasner did with paint. Nevertheless, such issues as priority are rendered irrelevant by the differences between a great artist and a very determined one. Pollock's least effort had a life and energy Krasner never touched. He had the indispensable gift of being able to stand aside and allow paint to burst into life, as though he were there only to enable the miracle to take place. And this difference was apparent over and over in that East Hampton show. It had nothing to do with Krasner being a woman or a wife. It had only to do with Pollock being the genius he had to be in order for that much light and power to have surged, through his mediations, into the world. The show at East Hampton was a cruel if well-intentioned conjunction—like the marriage itself, perhaps.

All explicit references to Pollock have been erased at the MOMA retrospective, where the space is wholly Krasner's. Even so, he casts very heavy shadows over the paintings she did under his acknowledged domination, and those shadows cannot be dispelled by the unforgiving illumination of the museum. I was struck by how little would be left of Krasner's work if one could succeed in driving all the shadows away: those of Matisse, Hofmann, Mondrian, de Kooning, the Cubists and the rest. Just consider the vestibule with the early works: "Blue Painting" of 1946, "Noon" of 1947, "Untitled" of 1948 and the collages of shredded canvas glued on linen and daubed over in earth colors. Krasner was no beginner in 1946: she had begun working with Hofmann nearly two decades before and painted steadily, or as steadily as life allowed, ever after. "Blue Painting" looks like a diffident version of Pollock's mode of abstraction from the period just before his discovery of the drip. "Noon" is hieroglyphics, with the paint seemingly pasted on the support in thick curls and whorls, as though squeezed out of a pastry tube. "Untitled" is dense pale calligraphy, done in the widely approved manner of Mark Tobey. There may have been a dozen artists working in canvas collage. These paintings might have been done by several different people.

A great artist is fully present in each of his or her works, however various the styles. No one went through more styles than Picasso, but every Picasso is unmistakably his. There is no recurrent touch, or whatever may be the pictorial equivalent of voice, in Krasner's canvases. There are only the shadows of other selves, the echo of other voices. Hofmann once said Krasner was one of his best students but "She gave in all the time. She was very feminine." We may discount his ascription of gender to a quality of Krasner's artistic personality, but that quality is nevertheless patent. The little set of abstractions with which the exhibition begins could, if one did not know otherwise, be a group show of minor abstractionists. The whole exhibition is a series of surrenders to artistic personalities stronger than her own, and those surrenders are what enabled her to paint. Even though huge and bold, Krasner's work has something of the art school exercise about it.

It may occur to the visitor that it is odd not to find the sorts of early works one expects in a retrospective, works that show the artist coming to terms with visual reality through the standard genres of representation: still life, landscape, figure study. There are, in fact, some early works, but they figure in the show in a curious way. At the end of the exhibit are certain collages made up of her student drawings cut into fragments and then sliced through with generous

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blank forms, sometimes angular and angry, sometimes in floral patterns and in the manner of the late decoupages of Matisse. I find it affecting that she should, near the term of her productive life, have found her end in her beginnings, and these collages compose one of the most powerful gestures of the show. She had kept those energized, cubistic figure studies against the time when she might use them, and she evidently emptied her portfolios, slicing and cropping her drawings, seeking to enhance their power by the greater power of their forced superimposition. The tensions between them are more interesting than the tensions within them, and it occurred to me that her method here illustrates one of Hegel's most difficult concepts, that of *Aufhebung*. The word carries three distinct meanings: to preserve, to negate and to transcend. Hegel meant for all three meanings to be understood at once, and perhaps two and a half are in fact present here. The drawings are preserved and negated. But they are not finally transcended, for the works in which these two moments of *Aufhebung* are plainly achieved do not rise to the intended synthesis. They fall short of Krasner's ambition for them, as I think her work falls short of the high assessment of those who are trying to thrust her into the front ranks of American painting.

It is not a terrible thing to have been Domenichino. Any museum would be proud to own a work by him, and it is something to have been thought one of the great artists of the world, even if no one would now advise a friend traveling to Rome not to miss the Domenichinos. It is not a terrible thing, either, to have been Lee Krasner, discounting the tragedies she lived through. To be good is a lot. She is a representative artist of her time. Almost every one of her paintings is a window into the main currents of artistic influence to which she responded. But that is as much as can be said. "Everything is what it is, and not something else," Bishop Butler once wrote. "So why should we be deceived?" Lee Krasner is what she is. Or, perhaps more accurately, she is what she isn't. □

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T	U	R	N	S	U	P		S	W	A	H	I	L	I
H				P		R		T		S		L		N
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E		I		A		D		T		L		L		R
P	I	C	T	U	R	E	P	O	S	T	C	A	R	D

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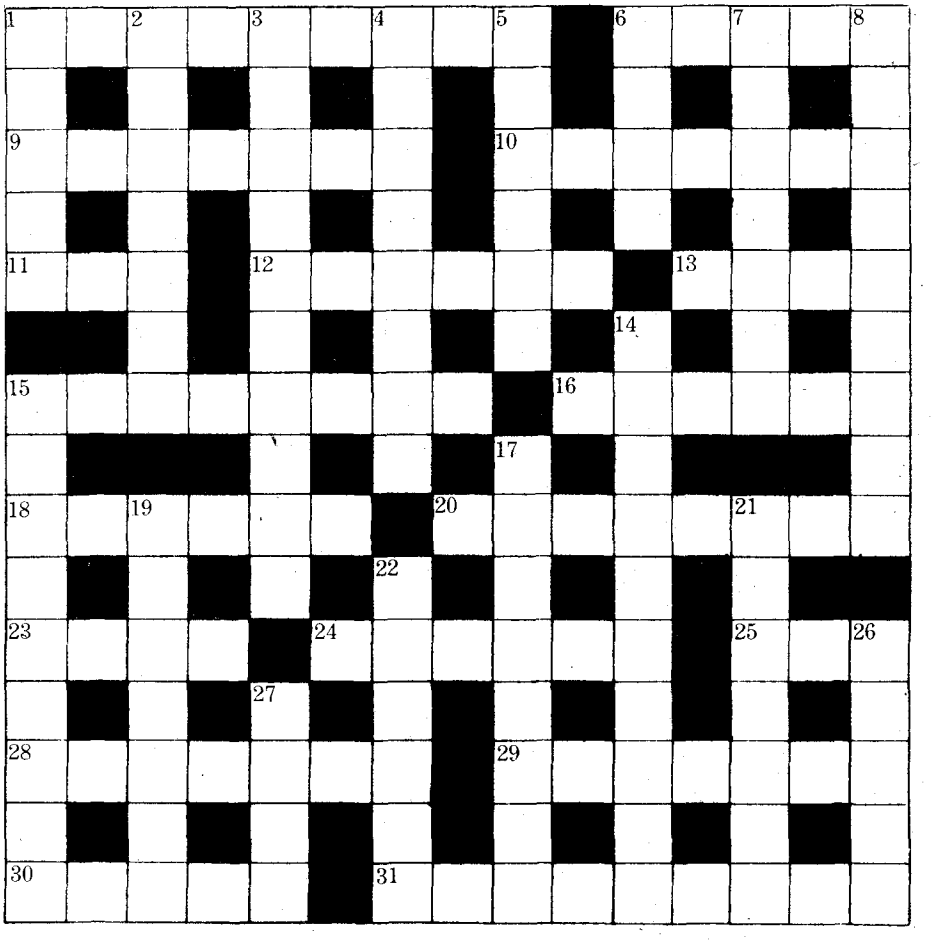
Crossword Puzzle No. 2044

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 After just one short month, gave a speech showing what the heroes might have been. (9)
6 See 25
9 Be patient! They say the aggressive ones are loaded this way! (7)
10 It looks like ten might be in the play, which is a small reproduction of a real life scene. (7)
11 Mr. Gantry seems to start something notoriously shady! (3)
12 How certain reputed inheritors of land are supposed to behave. . . (6)
13 . . . and the purposeful intent by which they could inherit something. (4)
15 A confusion of date and time to think about. (It's what a newspaperman might have to do with his partner around.) (8)
16 Such a foreign place carried nothing, obviously. (6)
18 The savoir-faire of the Middle European? (6)
20 If you do, the bowling alley will be all out of shape and it might "bomb." (8)
23 Obviously one's different, in time. (4)
24 It's the best thing to make when you vote! (6)
25, 27 down and 6 across Where the equestrienne was pale—not necessarily because her mount was the same. (Outlaw what Flint did with the treasure, going mad!) (7,5)
28 Egg money? "Dear" sounds like a better description! (7)
29 Did some exercise, but the overweight might be double this. (7)
30 Try to sound like S.A.! (5)
31 It's impossible to run by yourself! (5,4)

DOWN

1 He wrote of the French getting on top of the enemy. (5)
2 Hit one ball after another! (7)
3 A summer hit, possibly, but a nuisance most of the time. (10)
4 Proving the wrongs that surround people cause plagues. (8)
5 Accomplished something at first, but led astray. (How one can waste time!) (6)
6 The oriental might make his mark this way, and it could be put on your plate. (4)
7 Possibly too vain to get much applause. (7)
8 Evidently the little kid is very uninteresting, but some weapons are that way. (5,4)
14 Mix copy, let mix again, and you'll have a real confusing thing! (10)
15 Such growth is a sort of palm, to be (according to the French) an indication of the orient. (5,4)
17 Make a claim an unusually mad way. (8)
19 An old-fashioned dance for old-fashioned doctors? (Old-fashioned soldiers, too.) (7)
21 Forbid something, inter alia—that's what they do in this country! (7)
22 Member of a sect frequently passed when things are not to one's taste. (6)
26 A grand, as they say, uncovered around it—it takes a little prodding! (5)

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MAY 18–JUNE 2

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